

# Catholic Digest

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Man may be accredited with justice when not compared with God, but he loses that justice when compared with God. For whoever compares himself with the Author of all good deprives himself of the good which he has received. For he who attributes to himself the good which he has received fights against God with the very gifts of God. Whence, therefore, it is fitting that the humble should be exalted and that the proud should be abased.

St. Gregory the Great in Matins of the 2nd Sunday of September.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton (in the service),  
Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Jerome T.  
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Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



# Catholic Digest

Vol. 8

SEPTEMBER, 1944

No. 11

## A Short Wait Between Trains

By ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

Reprinted from the *New Yorker*\*

They pulled into Forrest Junction at 11:30 in the morning. Seen from the window of their coach, it wasn't much of a town. First there were the long rows of freight cars on sidings with green-painted locomotives of the Southern Railway nosing strings of them back and forth. Then they went past the sheds of cotton ginneries abutting on the tracks. There were small frame houses with weed-choked lawns enclosed by broken picket fences, a block of frame stores with dingy windows and dark interiors, a small brick-and-concrete bank, and beyond that the angled roof and thin smokestacks of a textile mill.

The station was bigger than you would expect; it was of dirty brick and had a rolling, bungalow-type roof adorned with cupolas and a sort of desperate scrollwork. The grime of thousands of trains and fifty years gave it a patina suggesting such great age that

it seemed to antedate the town.

Corporal Randolph, a big, sad Negro, said, "Here we is."

Private Brown, his big pink-palmed hand closed over a comic book, looked out the window. "How long we here?" he asked.

"Until one o'clock," said Randolph, getting up. "Our train west is at one o'clock."

The two other privates—Butterfield and Jerdon—were taking down their barracks bags from the rack. Other passengers bunched in the aisles: two young colored girls in slacks; a fat, bespectacled mother and her brood, with the big-eyed child in her arms staring fixedly at the soldiers; tall, spare, colored farmers in blue overalls.

As they waited for the line to move, Jerdon said, "Who dat?"

Grinning, Brown answered, "Who dat say, 'Who dat?'"

Jerdon replied in a nervous quaver,

\*25 W. 43rd St., New York City, 18. June 17, 1944. Copyrighted. Reprinted permission the New Yorker.

"Who dat say, 'Who dat?' when I say, 'Who dat?'"

They both began to laugh and some of the passengers looked at them with half-smiles and uncertain eyes.

Butterfield said, "Even the kid thinks you're nuts."

The child in the fat woman's arms looked at him sharply as he spoke, then her eyes went back to Jerdon and Brown.

"You think I'm nuts, baby?" asked Jerdon. "Is it like the man say?"

The line of passengers began to move.

"That baby don't think I'm nuts," said Jerdon. "That baby is sure a smart baby."

Their coach was up by the engine, and they descended to the platform into a cloud of released steam, with the sharp pant of the engine seemingly at their shoulders.

A motor-driven baggage truck, operated by a colored man wearing an engineer's cap, plowed through them. The three privates, with their bags slung over their shoulders, stood watching the corporal. He was checking through the papers in a large manila envelope marked "War Department, Official Business." It contained their railway tickets and their orders to report to a camp in Arizona.

"Man," said Brown, "you better not lose anything. We don't want to stay in this place."

"This don't look like any town to me, either," said Jerdon.

Butterfield, slim, somewhat lighter in complexion, and a year or two older

than the others, looked around him. "Hey," he said, "look what's up there."

The others turned. Down the platform they could see two white soldiers armed with carbines and what appeared to be a group of other white soldiers in fatigues. A crowd was forming around them.

"They're prisoners of war," said Butterfield. "You want to see some Germans, Brown? You say you're going to kill a lot of them; you want to see what they look like?"

Brown said, "That what they are?"

"Sure," said Butterfield. "See what they've got on their backs? 'P.W.' That means 'prisoner of war.'"

The four soldiers moved forward. They stood on the fringe of the crowd, which was mostly white, looking at the nazi prisoners with wide-eyed curiosity. There were 20 Germans standing in a compact group, acting rather exaggeratedly unconscious of the staring crowd. A small mound of barracks bags was in the center of the group, and the eyes of the prisoners looked above and through the crowd in quick glances at the station, the train, the seedy town beyond. They were very reserved, very quiet, and their silence put a silence on the crowd.

One of the guards spoke to a prisoner in German and the prisoner gave an order to his fellows. They formed up in a rough double column and moved off.

Little boys in the crowd ran off after them and the knot of watchers broke up.

When the four soldiers were alone



again, Brown said, "They don't look like much. They don't look no different."

"What did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"Man, you just don't know nothing," said Jerdon. "You're just plain ignorant."

"Well, what did *you* think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked Jerdon.

Jerdon shifted his feet and didn't look at Butterfield nor answer him directly. "That Brown, he just don't know nothing," he repeated. He and Brown began to laugh; they were always dissolving in laughter at obscure jokes of their own.

A trainman got up on the steps of one of the coaches, moved his arm in a wide arc, the pant of the locomotive changed to a short puffing, and the train jerked forward.

The colored baggageman came trundling back in his empty truck and Corporal Randolph said to him, "They any place we can leave these bags?"

The baggageman halted. "You taking the one o'clock?"

"That's right."

"Dump them on the truck. I'll keep them for you."

Randolph said, "Any place we can eat around here?"

"No, they ain't."

"Where we have to go?"

"They ain't no place," the baggageman said, looking at them as though curious to see how they'd take it.

"Man," said Jerdon, "we're hungry. We got to eat."

"Maybe you get a handout some place," said the baggageman, "but they sure no place for colored around here."

Butterfield said sourly, "We'll just go to the U.S.O."

"Oh, man, that's rich," Brown said, and he and Jerdon laughed.

"They got a U.S.O. in this here town?" Jerdon asked the baggageman.

"Not for you they ain't," said the baggageman.

"Man, ain't that the truth," replied Jerdon.

Randolph said stubbornly, "We got to get something to eat."

The baggageman said, "You want to walk to Rivertown you get something. That the only place, though."

"Where's Rivertown?" Butterfield asked.

"Take the main road down past the mill. It's about three, four miles."

"Hell, man," said Jerdon, "I'm hungry now. I don't have to walk no four miles to get hungry."

"You stay hungry then," said the baggageman, and went off.

"Well, ain't this just dandy?" said Brown.

The men all looked at Corporal Randolph, who transferred the manila envelope from one hand to the other, his heavy face wearing an expression of indecision.

Butterfield said, "There's a lunchroom in the station. You go tell them they've got to feed us."

Randolph said angrily, "You heard the man. You heard him say there's no place to eat."

"You're in charge of us," Butterfield

said. "You've got to find us a place to eat."

"I can't find nothing that ain't there."

"You're just afraid to go talk to them," said Butterfield. "That's all that's the matter with you."

Brown said, "Corporal, you just let Mr. Butterfield handle this. He'll make them give us something to eat." He and Jerdon began to laugh.

"O. K.," said Butterfield. "I'll do it."

Brown and Jerdon looked at Randolph.

"Good Lord," said Butterfield, "you even afraid to come with me while I ask them?"

"You're awful loud-talking—" Randolph began, angrily but defensively.

"You coming with me or not?" Butterfield asked.

"We're coming with you," Randolph said.

The four soldiers went into the colored section of the station and walked through it and into the passage that led to the main entrance. The lunchroom was right next to the white waiting room. The four men moved up to the door, bunching a little as though they were soldiers under fire for the first time.

Butterfield opened the screen door of the lunchroom and they followed him in. There were five or six tables and a lunch counter and, although it was around 12, only a few diners. A cashier's desk and cigarette counter was by the door, and seated behind it was a gray-haired woman, stout and firm-chinned and wearing glasses.

Butterfield went up to her, rested his hands on the edge of the counter, and then hastily removed them.

She looked up.

Butterfield said quickly, "Is there any place we could get something to eat, Ma'am?"

She looked at him steadily, then her eyes shifted to the others, who were looking elaborately and with desperation at their shoes.

"This all of you?" asked the woman.

"Yes, Ma'am, there's just us four."

"All right," she said. "Go out to the kitchen. They'll feed you."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

Butterfield, trailed by the others, started back toward the kitchen.

"Just a minute," said the woman.

"Go out and around to the back."

They turned, bumping each other a little, and went back out the door.

Brown said, when they were outside, "Mr. Butterfield, he sure do it."

"That's right," said Jerdon. "You want to look out, Corporal. That Butterfield, he'll be getting your stripes."

Butterfield and Randolph didn't answer, didn't look at each other.

In the kitchen they found a thin, aged colored man in a white apron and a young, thick-bodied colored girl, who was washing dishes.

"What you want?" asked the cook.

"Something to eat."

"Man, we're hungry," Jerdon told him. "We ain't put nothing inside us since before sunup. Ain't that right, Brown?"

"Since before sunup *yesterday*," said Brown.

"The lady say you come back here?" asked the cook.

"That right."

The cook took their orders and, as he worked, asked them what camp they were from, where they were going, how long they'd been in the Army. He told them about his two sons, who were in the Engineers at Fort Belvoir.

"Labor troops," said Butterfield. "A bunch of ditch diggers and road menders."

The cook stared at him. "What the matter with you, man?"

Butterfield didn't answer. He lit a cigarette and walked to the serving window, looking out at the woman at the cashier's desk.

Brown and Jerdon went over to the girl washing dishes, and Corporal Randolph, his manila envelope under his arm, listened mournfully to the cook.

Suddenly Butterfield threw away his half-smoked cigarette and called to the others, "Come here and look at this."

"What?" said Randolph.

"You come here and see this."

They all came over, the cook, the girl, the three other soldiers.

Sitting down at the tables in the lunchroom were the 20 German prisoners. One of their guards was at the door with his carbine slung over his shoulder, the other was talking to the cashier. The other diners were staring at the nazis in fascination. The prisoners

sat relaxed and easy at the tables, lighting cigarettes, drinking water, taking rolls from the baskets on their tables, and munching them unbuttered, their eyes incurious, their attitudes casual.

"Damn! Look at that," said Butterfield. "We don't amount to as much here as the men we're supposed to fight. Look at them, sitting there like kings, and we can't get a scrap to eat in this place without bending our knee and sneaking out to the kitchen like dogs or something."

The cook said severely, "Where you from, boy?"

"He from Trenton, New Jersey," said Brown.

Butterfield stared around at them and saw that only Randolph and the cook even knew what he was talking about and that they were both looking at him with troubled disapproval. Brown and Jerdon and the girl just didn't care. He turned and crossed the kitchen and went out the back door.

The cook said to Randolph, "I'll wrap some sandwiches for him and you give them to him on the train." He shook his head. "White folks around here is talking about all the nigger killing they going to do after the war. That boy, he sure to be one of them."

Randolph cracked his big knuckles unhappily. "We all sure to be one of them," he said. "The Lord better have mercy on us all."



We live in an age of inverted Confucianism when we cover our walls no longer with portraits of our ancestors but with blueprints of our descendants.

Douglas Woodruff in the *London Tablet* (27 May '44).

# This Is America

By G. STUART HOGAN

What hate can destroy

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

**What** is America? Many define it something like this:

"America? Why America is the blue of our skies, and the beauty of our lakes, the sweep of our mountains; the summer heat of Texas, and the winter winds of the Dakotas. America is the village with its Main Street, its churches, its public school, and its strawberry festival. It is the city with its broad avenues, its bustling thoroughfares, its smoking factories, its miles of assembly lines, its hard sidewalks, and slums, and filth, and squalor. It is your backyard, and mine, and the friends and neighbors with whom we grew up."

No, this is not America. Other countries have blue skies, beautiful lakes and majestic mountains, and native customs as charming as our strawberry festival. Their people grow up together as friends and neighbors. But in America is a spirit which other nations have not, a spirit bequeathed by the great men who gave it birth.

America would still be America, though the names of all its states and cities and villages were changed. America is not merely the people or the land.

If we would understand the meaning of America, let us look at the history of other nations, and then try to see what our forefathers were trying to accomplish when they gave us an America.

There was a time when most of the world was ruled by kings whose very word was law, whom no one might contradict without being regarded as guilty of treason. In theory, the king owned the kingdom, and the people were his servants. Our founding fathers vested the sovereignty of the nation in the people who elect their own ruler, a ruler whose powers are limited by constitutional law and a relatively short term of office. This is America, a land of constitutional government and duly elected rulers.

There was a time when people might not assemble to protest against the burdens placed upon them by their rulers. The founders of this nation decided that people should have the right peaceably to assemble and present grievances. In America people enjoy the right of assembly.

There was a time when people were so oppressed with taxes that they could never acquire property, or improve their state in life. But the fathers of this nation decreed that taxation without representation is tyranny, and that the people may not be taxed to such an extent that they are unable to accumulate personal wealth. In America, taxes are levied with the consent of the taxed.

There was a time when anyone accused of a crime, especially a crime against the state, might be spirited

\*Huntington, Ind. July 2, 1944.

away never to be heard of again. Such a one would be tried in secret by a judge controlled by the state, who was little concerned about justice. The fathers of this country declared that no one might be condemned for any crime without a public trial before a jury composed of men from his own class of society, and not by a judge who was the servant of a ruling class.

There was a time when men were owned body and soul by their fellow men. In the Roman Empire the slaves were prisoners of war, the men and women of conquered nations. In our own land, they were Negroes stolen from their homes by professional slave traders, and sold for gold in American marts. But the men who guided the destinies of this nation avowed that all men are equal before God and should be equal under the law. In America men are born free and equal under the law.

There was a time when men could exercise no rights or privileges except such as were granted by the state, a condition prevailing even today in Germany, Japan and Russia. Although Russia is our ally in this war, she is a dictatorship, and not a democracy. But the American fathers declared that man has certain God-given and, therefore, inalienable rights which the state cannot take from him, among them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In America the natural rights of men are respected.

There was a time when most nations had a state religion and dissenters were penalized, if not directly, at least indi-

rectly, by being excluded from public office, or deprived of civil rights. However, the men who founded this nation believed that God had established a definite way of bringing His revelations to men, and that it is not the office of the state to impose a religious creed upon anyone. America stands for religious liberty.

There are countries today where men cannot own private property. But the founding fathers of America believed that the right to private property was among the first of the natural rights of man.

There is another note to the idea of America. America stands for peace. We are not a militaristic nation. We have no military caste in which a military tradition is handed down. We have never waged a war of aggression. We do not covet the territory of any other nation. When we fight, we fight only to destroy those elements which disturb our peace. We desire peace, we fight for peace.

However, we know that peace depends upon justice. When an injustice is done to an individual, the peace of individuals is disturbed. When an injustice is committed against a group of individuals, a wider area of peace is disturbed. And, when injustices are perpetrated against nations, war is the result. Therefore, if we wish to establish a lasting peace after this war is over, we must deal justly with all nations, even with our enemies.

Hatred and the desire for revenge are themselves injustices. We may not hate our enemies but only things which

make them our enemies. Abraham Lincoln once said, "I destroy my enemies, when I make friends of them." We fight guns with guns, tanks with tanks, and planes with planes, but injustice is fought only with justice and charity.

America is a great nation because the men who gave it life and guided it in its infant years were great men. Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln were not merely great statesmen, great generals, even great patriots; they were great men. They were great men because they were just men; because they were sincere, reverent, humble, religious, charitable, merciful and forgiving. Because they knew how to pardon an enemy and make a friend of him.

But not all Americans are great. Some Americans are murderers and thieves, blasphemers and adulterers. These are the little foxes who would destroy the fruit of the labors of the fathers. They cry out loud and shrilly in times such as these. You hear them above the tumult of mob violence.

They are in the picket lines of striking workmen. They incite race riots. They blare out religious bigotry. They

are in the press, on the screen and the radio, and on the lecture platform, preaching hate and destruction. If we listen to them, America will no longer be great. America will be a nation of little men. When the war ends we shall still have to fight the enemy within ourselves, the sniveling little men of America.

If America is to stand for peace, we must destroy at home the thing which produced abroad this world cataclysm, the injustice of man to his fellow. Let us also remember, justice is impossible without charity. Justice and charity are separate virtues, but actually one cannot exist without the other. We cannot be just to our fellow men, nor to our enemies, unless we regard them as friends.

Let no one give you a definition of America, nor tell you what is democracy if he has been educated in Russia, in Germany or even in America, if he has not been educated at the feet of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Most of us talk about Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, but few of us know anything about them.



### Message from America

In Venezuela, *el papa* means the Pope, and *la papa* the potato. Unaware of this important distinction, the young American wife of a Venezuelan earnestly told her husband's relatives, "Your religion and mine are practically the same except for one thing: the potato. We disagree about the potato. Nothing stands between your Catholicism and my Episcopalianism but the potato. If only you people could stop worshipping the potato!"

From *Young Man of Caracas* by T. R. Ybarra (Garden City, 1942).



# Home-Front Communique

By RACHEL DUNAWAY COX

First things still first

Condensed from *Hygeia*\*

The growth of juvenile delinquency has strengthened the convictions of many mothers that they can serve their country best by good care of their own children. Though the many mothers in offices and factories have been conspicuous, the great majority still stick to the job of looking after their children, convinced that they are better occupied in that work than in any other. They feel that they serve best by seeing to it that the children are properly fed and clothed; that they have rest when they need it; and that their small illnesses are caught and attended to before they become big ones. Above all, they feel it is their special work to see that their children have emotional serenity, laying the foundation for stable personality.

It is not easy, this decision to forego extra income and the satisfaction of an outside job in the stirring war effort. It is really hard to stay with the age-old job of caring for a home when so many women are being swept into the work to end the war. For a woman who has a special skill it is more difficult, for she foregoes work she would enjoy doing, and is sometimes visited by doubts as to whether it is necessary to stay with the children. Each woman must make the decision in the light of all her circumstances.

As a whole, the women who have de-

cided that their place is with their children during the formative years seem fairly well convinced of the wisdom of the choice. Nevertheless, the going is not always easy. It is a fine thing to resolve to make one's home a haven of peace in a world at war, a symbol for those who must endure the hardships of the war. To carry out that resolve is no weakling's work! It will take all the physical courage a mother can muster.

The job of looking after a family has become enormously harder. The actual physical burdens are greatly multiplied. Few can find even occasional servants. Difficulties in shopping now stretch what used to be a quick job. And what is more, sister and baby brother must be taken on every expedition to the butcher, the grocer and even to the dentist. There is no one she can leave them with. And if mother comes home ready to tear her hair because of the strain of keeping Susie and Jim out of the cranberry basket, and from falling out of a tenth-story window while the dentist got in his licks, she will just have to go ahead and tear it.

There is not, as in an office or factory, a "ladies room" to which one can retreat when the going gets tough. The home front is no inactive sector. Those who have chosen it could have done all right in the Rangers. Some women are

\*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, 10, Ill. August, 1944.

exhausted, their tempers frayed, and in some cases their health is actually undermined. Yet some are doing all right.

A study of many women shows that the difference does not lie in level of income, or number of children, or health. The wife of a successful corporation lawyer does all the work for her family of five children since her long-established maid went to work in a war plant. In three months she has weathered a round robin of mumps, whooping cough and athlete's foot. Yet she is serene, even a bit humorous, about it all. Another woman with two children of school age, has a one-day maid who does the heavy cleaning. Yet she is distracted because she must manage living in a strange, crowded city without a full-time maid to help.

Every woman must face her problems squarely, and work out a way of life that is not only endurable but also holds enough joy to enable her to maintain perspective.

Of all the problems mentioned by tied-down mothers, by all odds the hardest is the difficulty of getting away for even an hour from the constant responsibility. Those whose children are in school for even a half day don't have this problem, for they can relax then and let nerve ends uncurl. But the thousands who are "on call" for 24 hours of every day will know what I mean when I say that this unending tour of duty is a lively cause of "war nerves." Unrelieved tension in any work results in nervous exhaustion. For the mother of small children, it means that she can never take her ease with a group of

friends, never attend meetings, never go on an all-out shopping binge and, hardest of all, cannot take any significant part in war activities.

It may not sound like much of a problem when men are crouching in foxholes in New Guinea, and mothers of other small children are ducking into air-raided shelters in many parts of the world, but every person who has minded a small child for months on end without an hour's holiday will know that it is not a little problem and that to scoff at it is a mark of inexperience.

The obvious answer in communities is cooperative groups to care for little children, with one mother taking her turn one morning a week. This arrangement is a lifesaver, for it assures an intelligent and conscientious person in charge. Where a daily nursery group cannot be engineered, there is the possibility of a weekly exchange of children with friend or neighbor. One young woman expecting her first baby began, months before her baby came, to stay with little children in her neighborhood when their mothers needed to be away for a few hours. Often she and her husband sat for an evening with a sleeping baby while the parents went to the movies. When her own son was a few months old, there was always someone to return the courtesy.

Unfortunately exchanges cannot always be worked out. Neighborhoods without children are not likely places for nursery groups, and difficulties of transportation dictate that group activity shall be strictly local. In such cases the problem of finding time off for

mother must be solved within the family.

When this is impossible the husband must come to the rescue. Fathers not hardened by long habit to taking over the responsibility may view the prospect with alarm. But many are facing the music these days, recognizing the need of their wives for a breather. And many wives, who heretofore have felt that it was unfair to saddle the husband with the children in his limited free time, wisely accept the proffered aid. They know what poor mothers they make, what dull wives they become, if they never see over the rim of the domestic world.

A mother in her time off should do the thing she wants to do. If it relieves the strains to do the family shopping, perhaps that is how she should spend the time, but the family will probably get greater dividends if she can get away from home cares entirely, if she can visit friends, or see a play, or spend an hour at an art gallery or a concert. One maidless woman whose husband has for some years taken over for her on an afternoon off takes a long, solitary walk. When she talks of her sense of deep and blessed freedom during those walks, it is not hard to believe that her husband and children are amply rewarded.

Fitting rigidly scheduled free time into a community's war program is so difficult that even trying daunts many women. Nevertheless the satisfaction of having even a tiny part in it is so real that it will repay tied-down mothers to try. One mother of three preschool

daughters drives for the motor corps of her town's Red Cross unit. Sometimes, when the plan for free time goes awry, she loads her babies into the back seat. Another, a newcomer in a feverish war center, took on the responsibility for a short list of families in the educational campaign on salvage, conservation, and blood donation sponsored by the Office of Civilian Defense.

A second big problem is that of physical fatigue. It is a major hazard for almost every mother of a small child. Such fatigue most likely results from trying to get too much done in too short a time, or the desire to be doing something besides making beds and hanging up diapers. Yet to recognize is not to solve the problem. The solution for wartime, as for any time, is to get rest. The mother may have to sacrifice some other value. Her house may not be clean; there may be no handmade dresses for little sister; no homemade cookies on the pantry shelf; she may have to forego flower beds in her front yard. But it is surely senseless to strive after all those things if they are bought at the expense of serenity and well-being. If in getting the clean house and the flower beds she pushes herself to the point where she must scream at the children when they inevitably turn over a glass of milk or track mud into the front hall, they are not worth the price. To endure the ridiculous pinpricks of family life one must have abundant physical strength.

If the children are small, their nap period gives the mother her chance to rest. If they are past nap time, they

should, for their own good, play in their rooms for a stated time, calling no one, attending to their own wants. Training for good citizenship requires them to respect their mother's rest time.

Another way in these difficult times is to streamline housekeeping, making every time and strength-consuming detail prove its worth. Some may have to be eliminated. Linen napkins may give way to paper ones; underwear and pajamas may go unironed; curtains may stay up longer between launderings.

The same applies to family activities. It may be wise to make corner-cutting changes in the daily calendar. Child psychologists assert that accustomed routines give little children a sense of security. However, common sense tells us that one thing should be balanced against another so that a workable program of activities can be evolved. Mothers should test each family activity by the rule: Does it serve present needs, or have conditions so altered our way of life that it no longer serves?

Indeed, the secret of keeping attuned to the demands of life is flexibility. This applies not only to traditions and to a schedule of activities but even more profoundly to anyone's outlook. When a family moves to a new community, as so many have been doing, many delightful things about the home town are lost. It is hard not to grieve for them, especially things like safe play space for the children, good schools, quietness, beauty, and friends. But it is really senseless to spend time regretting them. They are gone, along with pre-Pearl Harbor security. It is possible, as

thousands are proving, to find new values, new interests, new friends.

One secret is to do a single task at a time, not only with one's hands but with mind and emotions as well. Many a woman makes her job unbearable by the fact that while she peels potatoes, she reaches ahead with half her mind to scrub the floor; while she is pouring the baby's formula she is pushing on to get the baby into his bath. Great slabs of potato go into scraps with the peeling, the formula is spilled, and the woman is soon breathing hard, in fatigue-producing tension. The whole job does not have to be done in any one instant. All one has to do is precisely what one is doing, that is, peel the potatoes or pour the formula. Doing one thing at a time with one's whole attention gives relaxation and in the end greater satisfaction. Napoleon is said to have been capable of doing ten or a dozen things at a time, but don't forget, even he got ulcers of the stomach!

After all is said and done, the greatest help any mother can have in carrying her heavy responsibilities is her sense of being engaged in the job which for her is inevitably right. No matter how tired a tied-down mother may become, no matter how exasperated with the tugging at her psychologic and physical skirts, she is probably more nearly united inside herself than if she had chosen a war-plant job. She is not so likely to be a prey to that vague sense of disorganization which springs from doing one thing while somewhere within her lingers the haunting feeling that she ought to be doing

something else. She has peace of mind.

And while the tied-down mother may feel left behind, she knows that in playing her part well her contribution is unsurpassed in its social significance. For it is no mother's-day platitude, but sober, solemn truth, that there is no

greater social service than training children confidently to undergo the rigors of adult life, meeting and mastering its uncertainties and frustrations. To do that work without becoming disheartened is one of the biggest undertakings a wartime world offers anyone.



## The Wet-Neighbor Policy

Suggestions for snobs

By DEVERE ALLEN

Condensed from *Common Sense*\*

For a year and a half I have observed the *gringo* in Mexico. Travel is a great school, but it would probably produce better results if, as in other schools, its pupils faced entrance examinations to eliminate the unfit. For instance, the girls who were annoyed to find, when they got to Monterrey, that in order to send letters back to "the States" they would have to buy Mexican stamps, and that the ones they had brought with them had no value in Mexico.

Or the man whom we shall refer to as Mr. Fresh. Mr. Fresh came bustling into a hotel last fall, headed for the dining room, fixed a waiter with a hurried eye, and asked for a little salt. What Mr. Fresh didn't know was that Mexicans were just then experiencing a shortage of salt and that he was asking for something comparable to a handful of ration books. The waiter

blinked and went to ask the boss just how to fix up the salt for transportation, and how much, if anything, to charge. When he came back he saw Mr. Fresh pick up a salt shaker from a table, and hop quickly into a prosperous car to make a getaway. He didn't get away, at least with the salt, but he added a black mark to our record.

Entrance examinations might have stopped the students at summer sessions of the National University who complained bitterly because, in a land where race prejudice hardly exists, Negroes had been admitted to their classes.

This is no time to discuss, superficially, the problem of missions; but it was no help to send Bible experts down, at least one of whom was heard talking in a public place about the horrors of race mixture on Havana beaches, and declaiming that in Mexico the poor, dear Indians ought to be protected

\*10 E. 49th St., New York City, 17. July, 1944.



against race miscegenation, and kept free from other blood—one of the neatest rationalizations of a prejudice that I have come across.

But most tourists aren't that much interested in Indians. The number who actually visit one of the *ejidos*, or co-operative centers, can be counted on the fingers of the Armless Wonder. In stalwart defiance of geography, countless visitors believe that the Mexican capital is Mexico. As a matter of fact, the life of few major cities is so greatly in contrast to the rest of the country.

When Mr. Joseph E. Davies entered upon his "Mission to Mexico" last fall, spending a very few days with his celebrated brief case hugged to his bosom, the social column of a leading daily revealed that "On Saturday evening Mr. Davies was host at a small dinner party at Ciro's" and that "Mr. Davies says that he is much impressed with Mexico, and that Ciro's is one of the best of its kind in the world." Whatever it was that impressed Mr. Davies, we all hope he will come down to see Mexico sometime.

Some travelers to Mexico should be told in advance about the peculiar effects of alcohol mixed with altitude. More than a few do not realize, until too late, that the mellow glow they fondly anticipate from their customary number of cocktails is going to develop, at 7,300 feet above sea level, into rapid paralysis. Most Mexicans, who drink with considerable caution, shake their heads ruefully at such repeated demonstrations of the Wet-Neighbor Policy. This sort of thing produces a

multitude of "incidents," which leave lasting irritations.

Rarely do Mexicans lose their usual patience with tourists who practice mayhem on the Spanish language. But sometimes they wish the *gringos* would either learn the language before arriving, or just stick to English. Anything in between, as this writer can testify, is apt to be disastrous: as when the young woman fruit vendor was approached by a friend of mine and asked if she would give him some sons (*hijos*) when he intended to say figs (*higos*).

How do first-trip tourists acquire such strange misconceptions? Previous visitors have often told them of the "lazy Mexicans" sleeping in the parks or stretched out beside the roads. What they don't understand is that most of those sleepers were up at dawn, and have frequently completed a fair day's work by siesta-time. On the mountain roads thousands of Mexicans think nothing of carrying for long distances, on their backs, loads that would break the hardest foundry hand in Pittsburgh.

Then there is also the misconception about the Mexican love of bargaining. When a richly attired couple haggle stubbornly over an article that sells at the "asking price" of 20 cents in U. S. currency they often think they are being sophisticated. In fact, bargaining is passing out of fashion, but it is still possible to find a needy craftsman who must sell his serape for whatever he can get, and is sometimes persuaded to let it go for less than the actual cost of the materials.



Bargaining is not always bad; no friendships are ruptured when a traveler courteously protests that the price is beyond his means or his desires of the moment, no matter how beautiful the object. But the outsider who offensively runs down a product and openly accuses the vendor of crooked dealing only spreads hatred for his native land.

For much of the misunderstanding one must blame the press. At least three great weeklies have been guilty of distortion, and one respected daily newspaper has consistently misrepresented Mexico for years. Recently, the chief method of falsification has been to send back stories about how slight are Mexican sacrifices during the war. "If one really wants to 'get away from it all' for a little while, one can slip into Mexico and be about as far away from the world conflict as radio, the newspaper, and conscience will allow," asserted a dispatch to the *New York Times*. "Having arrived in Mexico," the story went on, "the tourist can go on a rationee's binge, swigging coffee by the quart, intemperately sweetening it with sugar, eating filet mignon and pork chops every day, gorging on candy, and generally thumbing his nose at all rationing." Such stories are legion. They make the thoughtful Mexican furious.

Are they untrue? No, and yes. It is true that *norteamericanos* who can afford it, as well as wealthy Mexicans, can approximate such privileges. With inadequate transportation, few roads, fewer storage and refrigeration plants, and a largely hand-to-mouth economy, the Mexican republic would find it dif-

ficult to make rationing work. But the implication is false. Sometimes tourists, and even writers, have reported that Mexicans are making no sacrifices, even to the extent of a reduced standard of living. All of which is bitter, unredeemable, inexcusable falsehood.

A washerwoman who used to buy a pail of soap for 40 centavos now pays three times that much, and makes a big deposit for the container. In some places corn, selling at seven centavos a liter before the war, now costs 18. The pinch got so tight for the average person that a decree automatically raising wages from five to 50% was promulgated. But even this is a drop in the bucket. Prices of essentials have gone up much more than in the U. S., largely because so many foodstuffs and prime materials have been shipped north to aid in the war. Foodstuffs are up 80% over prices prevailing when Mexico entered the conflict. Sacrifices on the civilian front, if rich citizens and visitors be excluded, are much greater in Mexico, even if life is less wrapped up in legal restrictions.

Indeed, one cause of Mexican resentment against the U. S. is that American businessmen have contributed to existing shortages and inflation. Not only has our money pushed up prices of many commodities beyond the reach of the average Mexican, but our purchases in many cases have taken no account of Mexican requirements, and drained off badly needed foods and textiles. So serious was this situation that the Mexican government was compelled, towards the end of last year, to forbid the ex-

portation of a number of commodities.

And American manufactured goods sold in Mexico have often, in the absence of ceilings, gone far above the prices of comparable articles at home. This is not always the fault of the American manufacturer, but the average Mexican cannot very well be expected to know it.

Mexico has clamped down on sale of tires, previously rationed. Envious northerners could not be blamed for wishing that they, at home, could be as free as owners of Mexican cars as long as tires could be had when needed and gasoline was unrationed. But many have gone back with wild tales about the free use of cars in the capital, jumping to the conclusion that luxury prevailed among Mexicans, and that there were no economic justifications for the difference between one country and the other. Few of them asked how many cars existed in the Mexican republic.

The number just after the war began was 89,372 as against nearly 27 million in the U. S. The U. S. had about one car to every five persons and Mexico had one for about every 210.

Mexicans are not unduly sensitive to well-meant criticisms. They know, better than anyone, that much still needs to be done to clean up the country, to provide safe food and water in many places, to smooth the way of those who come here. But it isn't a matter, simply, of complaints. By far the greatest number of tourists are enthusiastic. But most of them, whether critical or enchanted, leave behind a trail of blunders. The average visitor arrives, remains, and leaves, in something of a fog. In the long run, education will do a lot of good, especially education in advance of ticket purchases. But for those who will always be immune to education, maybe foreign travel also should be rationed.



### Offer

Father Hoffmann was a 1st lieutenant in our outfit. During the flaming fight for Fondouk Pass, the division chaplain came down, offered Hoffmann the post of assistant division chaplain. This would bring him a step up in rank, and there wouldn't be so much ducking German 88's. Father Hoffmann's rejoinder was that he was interested not a whit in rank, that his place was with the boys of the 1st Battalion. He stayed with us. Wherever the going was toughest on the front line, you'd see Hoffmann strolling along with a shovel. With this he'd scoop out a little depression and then get horizontal for a few minutes beside some G. I. Having spoken, he'd move on. Were Hoffmann in this vicinity, here's one Methodist who'd join his parish.

[This is Chaplain Albert Hoffmann of Dubuque, recently returned with only one leg but with more medals than any other chaplain, so far.—Ed.]

Lieut.-Col. Horace F. Wulf in a letter to *Time* (10 July '44).

# Duties of Union Membership

By BENJAMIN L. MASSE, S.J.

The tail Wagners the dog

Condensed from an address\*

**Speaking** one time before the Roman Senate, Cicero, the greatest of ancient Latin orators, expressed in a single sentence the pagan philosophy of manual work. "There can be no dignity in the workshop."

This pagan philosophy, so degrading to the dignity of the working man, was rejected, in deed and in word, by the Son of God Himself. For the better part of His life on earth, Jesus Christ labored in a carpenter shop at Nazareth. He was so identified with the trade that, according to the Scriptures, He was popularly known in His native land as "the Son of a carpenter."

But old prejudices, like a cold in the head, are not easily cast off. It was so in the ancient world with the prejudice against manual work. For several centuries after the noble example of Christ, throughout the entire Roman Empire, manual work continued to be regarded as the task of slaves, and no gentleman would have anything to do with it. The European world had to wait for the dawn of the Middle Ages before the dignity of man was everywhere recognized beneath the rough exterior of those who, like the Son of God, earned their bread in the sweat of their brows.

Then, as the years went on and faith in God grew cold, the old pagan notion of work began to reassert itself. With the spread of modern industrial-

ism in the 19th century, workingmen, by and large, and women and children, too, were exposed to the greed and ambition of employers who reduced them to a condition "little better than slavery itself."

Just as the Catholic Church, faithful to the teaching and example of her divine Founder, fought the slave status of workingmen in the ancient Roman Empire, so now she came to the defense of the wage slaves chained to modern machines. Throughout Europe, and in the U. S. also, priests and bishops cried out against the exploitation of workers and their families. In the year 1891, this struggle for justice and human dignity reached a brilliant climax when Pope Leo XIII published his great encyclical letter, *Rerum Novarum, On the Condition of the Working Class*. That document has been rightly called the *Magna Charta* of the workingman; since then, all over the world, from the year of its publication down to our own times, workers of every race and color have appealed to it, as to a supreme moral authority, in defense of their rights.

It is a cause of great satisfaction to social-minded Catholics, as well as to social-minded members of other religious groups, that federal law, and many state laws, now recognize the moral right of workingmen, whether

\*Delivered at a Communion breakfast of the employees of the New York City Department of Public Works. May 7, 1944.

they work with their hands or with their minds, to organize freely for purposes of collective bargaining with their employers. It cannot be too often emphasized that the National Labor Relations Act, which became law in 1935, marks an important milestone in our progress toward an economic order based on social justice. While some selfish, shortsighted employers originally opposed this beneficent legislation, many have since become reconciled to it and desire no return to the union-busting days of the 1920's.

The splendid production record of our war industries, most of which are highly unionized, together with the relatively small amount of time lost through strikes since Pearl Harbor, shows that the free association of workers in unions conduces to industrial harmony and efficiency. And, it must be remembered, without a working class decently fed and housed and clothed, and without harmony and efficiency in industry, no modern nation can hope to be strong in war or happy in peace.

Nevertheless, one hears from time to time some pretty sharp criticism of the Wagner Act. But much of it is directed to labor unions rather than to the Act under which they have achieved their present prestige. It is said that organized labor is much more conscious of its rights than of its duties; that some of the unions are dominated by racketeers; that other unions have been captured by schemers whose primary allegiance is not to the government of the U. S. but to that of Russia.

To ignore these accusations, which have been made by sincere friends of organized labor as well as by its enemies, would be unwise at any time and, in the present circumstances, deplorably foolish. Organized labor has emerged from the semiprivacy of its day of struggle. In many industries it has become so powerful that its activities are as much a subject of public concern as are the policies of management. If organized labor flouts that public interest, if it becomes careless in keeping its house in order, it may yet find itself harried by a series of restrictive laws. The enemies of organized labor, the men who have never sincerely accepted the Wagner Act and the democratic principles of collective bargaining, are waiting avidly for a chance "to put the unions in their place." And those enemies of organized labor now have important allies in Congress.

Ultimately, the presence in the unions of irresponsibility and racketeering, whether financial or ideological, must be explained by the failure of democracy within organized labor. By that I mean that there are too many dues-paying members who take no active interest in the affairs of their union. It is this apathy which permits members of a small, ambitious minority to secure control of a union and manipulate it to their own selfish advantage. In this way, vicious abuses have crept into the unions, and those abuses have become a cause of shame to workers and of delight to their enemies.

Organized labor does, of course, have its enemies, and some observers

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profess to be worried over what these enemies will do to the unions in the postwar world. I do not believe that antiunion forces are the most serious threat to the continued growth of organized labor. The most serious threat is rather the weakness within the unions themselves, the absence of an interested, alert, loyal, militant rank and file. If the average dues-paying unionist exercised his democratic rights and assumed his full responsibilities, if he helped to clean house where housecleaning is needed, organized labor could go forward, confident in its own strength to counter the attacks of its enemies.

In general, organized labor is today ably and patriotically led, and the ideological and financial racketeers among labor leaders, about whom so much has

been written, are only a small minority. Nevertheless, though few in number, they are causing harm and ought to be expelled from the positions which they have betrayed.

But in the many unions which enjoy an honest leadership, an alert rank and file will exercise its democratic rights and duties by supporting the officers against the unwarranted attacks of an ambitious minority. We must remember that in every human endeavor those who lead are generally subject to criticism, much of it unjust. An intelligent and active membership will not be taken in by purely destructive criticism, compounded in equal parts of envy and ambition. When union leaders are doing a good job, the rank and file owes them loyal and unwavering support.



## Flights of Fancy

A most outdoorable girl.—*Alycea du Puy.*

A communist is a capitalist without capital.—*Quoted.*

Liberty, equality, maternity.—*Idaho Falls Post-Register.*

Her manners were Emily Post-poned.—*Maureen Daly.*

The preacher shook his voice at the congregation.—*Mary Bott.*

Like a small gray coffee pot sits the squirrel.—*Hubert Wolfe.*

A long chain of mountains crawling along the ground.—*Pearl Buck.*

As grateful as a soul in purgatory for prayer.—*Lucille Papin Borden.*

The restless ocean tossing its white mane in the sunshine.—*Mark Twain.*

Definition of hell: icy hearts on fire with hate.—*Sister M. Elaine, S.S.N.D.*

A full moon tiptoed into the sky to tuck the day in bed.—*F. Marion Lougee.*

[Readers are asked to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. *Exact source must be given.* Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



# Ramon and the Stranger

By ANNE B. FISHER

The song in the heart

Condensed from the *Sight-Giver*\*

**Outside** the house built of mud, the California sky was very dark with only a few stars twinkling, but inside, in the fireplace a friendly fire burned. In front of the fire was a big wooden tub, and in the tub was a little brown Indian girl. Maria was her name.

Maria's Indian mother was scrubbing the little girl's ears and neck to make her very clean, because tomorrow would be San Carlos day. Usually Maria yelled when her neck was scrubbed, but tonight she didn't mind at all. She was thinking of the new yellow dress she would wear when she walked behind her grandfather Ramon.

There was always great excitement on San Carlos day, when all the Indians of the Carmel River valley walked to the Mission San Carlos near the blue Pacific ocean, where once long ago Father Junipero Serra and the other Franciscan Fathers had come and built the mission and taught and helped the Indians.

The Franciscan Fathers were all long gone now, and the mission was crumbling away, with a great crack in the wall since the last earthquake; but Indians still carried in their hearts their love for the patron saint of the mission. Ramon, a very old Indian, still carried in his mind the chants that the Fathers had taught his grandfather long ago.

Tomorrow, Indians would be at the mission by dawn to decorate the ruined altar with boughs of green pine, and to make ready for the Father who would come over the hill from the church in Monterey and bring with him the statue of San Carlos.

San Carlos day was golden with sunlight. The altar was piled high with pine, so that the good San Carlos would not see how broken it was. Indian children in yellows and pinks and reds looked like butterflies among the ruins of the church. All was ready.

Father Casanova from Monterey drove up in a spring wagon, and behind him in other wagons were some *Americanos*, coming to see the ceremony.

Indians lifted the statue of the saint from the wagon and quickly arranged it to be carried in the procession. Old Ramon, who led the singers, clutched his chant book that was bound in rawhide. The Father gave a sign to begin and someone tapped Ramon's arm.

Out through the clear air came the old man's voice in Spanish with the hymn to San Carlos that had been sung by Indians of Carmelo 100 years before!

O pray for us, San Carlos  
For dangers hover near.  
O pray that God may give us  
strength  
To conquer every fear.

\*221st St. and Paulding Ave., New York City. June, 1943.



The Father followed the Indians who carried the statue, and Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans fell into the procession; but only the Indians sang the hymn, led by Ramon. Around the church they marched, and into the ruins. After Mass, Indians knelt before the ruined altar to receive from Father Casanova the blessing of San Carlos; then Ramon led the Latin chants. Every Indian sang with him, until even the white-breasted sea gulls on the tower were charmed by the music.

Then followed the last of the hymn to San Carlos, as Indians marched out behind the statue.

Thy purity has won for thee  
A crown of fadeless light;  
O, may its radiance shine on us  
And cheer the gloom of night.

As the procession passed him, a dark, frail-looking white man brushed his hands across his eyes to wipe away the tears.

After the ceremony was over and Indians stood near the tower in the sunlight, the frail-looking white man came

up to Ramon, who had little Maria by the hand. He spoke through an interpreter.

"The chants were beautiful and the Latin so clear that I could understand every word. May I see your book of chants?"

Ramon held out the book, and the frail white man looked inside it. The words and notes, written long ago in octopus ink, had faded so that they were hardly visible on the yellowed paper.

"But how can you see to read these in the dark church? I cannot see them in the clear sunshine!" the man cried.

"I am blind," Ramon said, "but I do not need to see. I carry in my heart the chants."

The frail white man shook Ramon's hand and turned away.

He was Robert Louis Stevenson, and the year was 1879.

Who knows, perhaps Ramon, the sightless Indian, had his part in bringing inspiration to the writer of *A Child's Garden of Verses*, so that Stevenson gave the world more songs to be carried in the hearts of children.



In the wooded promenade encircling the center of Cracow, the Germans painted *Nur für Deutsche* on the benches. The next day Polish inscriptions of identical shape and size appeared, setting forth the property rights of both nations: "Our benches, your rears." The Germans hastily removed both notices.

*The Polish Review* (12 July '44).

# A Tragedy Caused by the Comics

By GABRIEL LYNN

Fagins in smart colors

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

**Five high-school** lads of Jackson, Mich., sons of parents in comfortable circumstances, were arrested on April 2, on charges of having engaged in subversive activities. Because they ranged in age from 13 to 17 years, their names have been withheld, pending disposition of the case.

Here, specifically, is what the boys are said to have done. A few months prior to arrest, they formed a secret society which they called "The State." Its purpose was to set up a totalitarian regime in the U. S. to "take over the world in from 15 to 20 years." Pending realization of this international objective, they lost no time in implementing their program for the home front.

Their first move was a systematic campaign to steal firearms, blackjacks, knives, binoculars, flashlights, police badges, and other articles. They acquired a printing press and produced great quantities of anti-Negro and anti-Jewish literature, which was widely distributed in their home city.

Following circulation of this hate-breeding literature, the leaders undertook to foment a race riot. The plans were worked out in careful detail. Indeed, only the timely interference of police headed off a series of assaults upon Negro citizens. The five leaders, with other high-school boys whom they had induced to join the society,

were to touch off the riot during the week following their unexpected arrest, by physical attacks upon Negro students in public schools.

The society employed a terrifying ritual in secret meetings in their attic headquarters. This ritual was climaxed by the ceremonial thrusting of a "sacred knife" through a Bible, following which the participants wiped their feet upon an American flag placed on the floor before their "altar."

Police officials were appalled by the thoroughness of the boys' preparations. When the headquarters were raided, officers found carefully prepared maps, detailed instructions for starting incendiary fires, technically precise directions for use of camouflage, outlines of effective methods of wrecking trains, and various other criminal procedures.

When police assembled the material seized in the raid on the headquarters, they found a huge library of superman and similar comic books. Moreover, while undergoing questioning, the leader of the group declared that the formation of "The State" had been decided upon only after the scheme had been suggested by "systematic study" of hundreds of comic books included in their "library," and that the abortive plot was based, in nearly all respects, upon actions depicted in the comic books they had studied.

\*Huntington, Ind. July 16, 1944.

From one picture they gleaned information concerning the setting of fires. From another they learned details of train-wrecking technique. From others they put together the un-American, sacrilegious ceremonies of their ritual. The case poses a question: how is it possible for producers of the comic books to publish and circulate such material, published so cleverly and with protestations of virtuous intent?

An advertising slogan frequently employed by comic-book publishers is: "Good Triumphs Over Evil in the Comics." The stories live up to this advance billing; good usually does triumph over evil in the comics. But, in order to make the final victory sufficiently impressive, the evil must first be depicted in graphic detail. Thus, a superhero, launching a one-man crusade for righteousness, will undertake in the opening panels of a comic-book story to break up a band of evildoers. Then the gangsters will be introduced; the reader will learn their plans, watch the carrying out of criminal enterprises, have adequate opportunity to become acquainted with the techniques employed by the criminals. Then, in the concluding panels, the superhero will swoop down (illegally, it should be noted, since vigilante activities are contrary to the constitutional American procedure for dealing with law-breakers) and either capture or, more likely, exterminate the gangsters. As warranted by the publishers, the triumph of good over evil has been effected.

Apologists for comics maintain that

only fanatics see danger in this. They emphasize comic books which are wholly unobjectionable — Mickey Mouse, various animal pictorials, books containing Bible stories, picture versions of historical episodes, and say of the others: "Let us be realistic about this thing. The comics are, after all, with us; the children like them. If parents forbid them, the youngsters will feel that their elders do not understand them, or will be driven to obtain the books in 'black markets.'"

The parents of the Michigan boys who organized "The State" failed to forbid the reading of harmful comic books which, according to the lads' own admissions and the evidence unearthed by police, gave them the ideas for the scheme which has so tragically handicapped them for the future. It may reasonably be doubted that those parents would today agree with the comic-book apologists who urge that parents permit their children to make free use of the books.

A wise and experienced jurist, Judge J. M. Braude, of the Chicago Boys' Court, has asserted: "As long as parents continue to let their youngsters read them, just so long will comic books and newspaper strips continue to instill into children a distorted and depraved conception of the meaning of real life and living."

Those words seem prophetic as one studies the case of the five Michigan lads who were, in their "library" of comic books, exposed to one of the gravest contemporary menaces to our youth. Their tragedy will be repeated

with increasing frequency unless parents generally display a more effective interest in what their children are reading.

Evidence continues to accumulate to support the contention that this is no vague, intangible menace which ex-

ists largely in the imagination of fanatics and reformers. Mothers and fathers who fail to familiarize themselves with the exact nature of the reading material used by their children are inviting personal tragedies no less appalling than the one reported here.



### A Little Work

Not all the thinking people in the American forces believe that an army travels on a tin can. In Port Moresby there was that ruddy-faced priest, Captain Michael Lyons, who came from an upstate New York parish, refused the blandishments of the Fifth Air Force to live with the gold braid, and stayed as the chaplain of the group of P-38 and P-39 fighters that was to give America one of its leading aces in Captain Richard I. Bong.

Looking down at the earth as well as up at the fighters overhead, Father Mike saw that both were good. He determined to put them together. He got himself a hoe, a rake, and some watermelon, corn, and squash seeds. The dark earth of Guinea, wet with daily showers, would grow anything. But the white man's way had been to sit in his wicker Singapore chair, clapping for his boy.

Father Mike thought a little work in the sun would keep the boys from pitying themselves too much. Out he went, and began to garden. At first nobody paid much attention. But soon things began to grow. One fine day there was American golden bantam corn on the table at the fighters' mess. A couple of majors in operations began to find they had green hands. They went out and helped with the second planting.

And so the word spread itself downward, from the top ranks through the lieutenants and the staff sergeants and the corporals down to the lowest buck, that this Guinea soil would grow food, and you could eat its fruit. And that was how decentralism, the grow-your-own-food movement, came, all unrecognized, to Port Moresby.

George Weller in *Free America* (Summer, '44).

# Christian Realism

By GEORGE JOHNSON

Condensed from an address\*

Die, and you shall live

**Realism** is an old word, having had many meanings at many times and different meanings in different contexts. It reminds the philosopher of the perennial controversy over the nature of ideas. In art and letters it is the rallying point of those who champion fidelity to nature and actual life as against the romantic, the subjective, or the sentimental. In education it labels the point of view of those who want schooling to be practical rather than academic and theoretical. By and large it stands in contradiction to what is idealistic, abstract, or visionary.

It is often used as a synonym for common sense. You are utterly unrealistic if you try to envisage an economic order based on men's love for one another rather than on some compromise with greed for power. You are utterly unrealistic when you voice the conviction that personal morality should be founded on a zeal for virtue rather than on the fear of the consequences of vice. You are utterly unrealistic if you decry the degradation of art and refuse to accept ugliness for beauty in music, in painting, and in literature. You are utterly unrealistic if you cling to any interpretation of human nature that does not circumscribe itself by the physical and material. You are utterly unrealistic if, with the Holy Father, you ask for an interpretation of the

phrase "unconditional surrender" that squares with the canons of mercy.

I am not saying that this new realism is universally accepted in the land, nor that it has succeeded in destroying the idealism that has always been in some degree an American characteristic. That idealism is born of faith in man's origin in God, and it can never be completely stifled. After all, history keeps obtruding itself; it is too late to falsify the record of the glorious accomplishments of the saints, the seers, the statesmen, and the soldiers who in every age and every clime have refused to be realistic. We can be grateful that St. Paul was not a realist when he faced perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea, to preach the Gospel of a crucified God. Copernicus was not a realist, nor was Newton, nor Pasteur, nor Marconi. Raphael was not a realist, nor was Shakespeare, nor Beethoven, nor the builders of Chartres. Jefferson was not a realist, nor were the other founding fathers. Thank God no realist commanded the American Army at Valley Forge, no realist directed our destinies when Sumter fell.

However, many persons have been indoctrinated with theories of life that chain them to the earth. They refuse to lift up their eyes to the mountains in quest of salvation. They see man's destiny circumscribed by the here and

\*Commencement Exercises, Trinity College, Washington, D. C. June 5, 1944.



now, and they honor only the Caesar of their own potentialities. They are enamored not of the law of God according to the inward man, but of the laws of nature; and they prefer an outward ordering of human affairs based on what they call scientific planning. In metaphysics they are materialists; in morals, pragmatists; in religion, secularists; in the common parlance of the day, realists.

If they but knew it, the realism they cherish is essentially unreal. They are presently occupied with shadows, and the substance has eluded them. They have mistaken the symbol for the symbolized, the clue for the solution. Immersed in the visible, they disdain the invisible. They refuse to have God in their knowledge, and, as a consequence, have cut themselves off from the root of all reality.

For reality exists in and comes forth from God. He is the eternal source whence all things flow; without His sustaining power all things would vanish. The adequate answer to every human question, be it philosophical or scientific or social or economic or political or aesthetic, can be found only in the mind of God.

A man will remain a fool until he gives up trying to drown out another voice that whispers in his heart, the voice of the God who made him and fashioned him and formed him, to Whom he belongs and apart from Whom there is no substance, no reality to his life and living.

There is one great central fact in the universe. Unfortunately, some will al-

ways find it a stumbling block, and others will try to dismiss it as foolishness. That fact is Jesus Christ. He is the beginning; He is the end. He is the truth; He is the way; He is the life. He is God made manifest to man. He is more than just a reality. He is reality itself.

The reality that is Jesus Christ is the definition, the very heart and soul, of the education you have received. Catholic schools exist to teach the truth which is Christ Jesus, our Lord, and to teach all truth in relation to that truth. Apart from that, all other truth is meaningless. Christ is the light of which all other light is but a reflection; where it does not shine, there is darkness.

Secular education becomes increasingly stranger to Christ and the things of Christ. It has lost all understanding of the supernatural. Absorbed in the man, it neglects the divine. It exalts the practical and is impatient of the speculative. It talks about the good life only in terms of earthly security. It has some interest in Christ as an historical personage, and in Christianity as a social or cultural movement. It knows nothing of Christ as a determining force in human society, as the eternal and abiding reality.

Secular education is a powerful factor in national life. It has great resources at its command. In comparison, our Catholic effort seems weakly inadequate.

The odds seem tremendous. We are out of tune with the times and tempted to accommodate ourselves to circum-



stances, to yield here, to compromise there. The reality to which we are committed has a way of seeming unreal when faced with the realities the world cherishes. We are different. We must be different, and being different, can be very uncomfortable.

Too often we are forced to admit that the prospect of being forever different is galling for some graduates who, after a number of years, are realistic and do not take their religion too seriously. They still profess to be Catholics, but their deeds reveal that, whatever their lips may say, their hearts are far from Christ. They have become too realistic to be governed by reality.

We still have a lot to learn about educating unto Christ in a world that knows not Christ.\*

It is by no means a simple matter to develop in young hearts a zealous loyalty to the unchanging when they have to live in the midst of change; nor a simple matter to impress upon carefree youth the necessity of building up reserves of fortitude they will need for living a Christian life in an atmosphere in which Christianity is unfashionable. Of course we do not work alone. There is always the grace of God. We succeed more often than we fail. Yet success does not blind us to our failure.

The responsibility does not fall exclusively on the school. No one can really educate anyone else. Schools and

teachers may guide and direct, but in the long run everyone educates himself.

Your future success or failure will be fundamentally your own doing. If you have made and continue to make the most of your opportunities, you will be able to intensify by your faith and service the reality of Christ in the world. On the other hand, if you have preferred the unreal to the real, and lived according to the canons of compromise, you will succumb to the realities in which the world puts its faith.

The responsibility of every Catholic graduate is to make contemporaries increasingly conscious of Jesus Christ, by translating faith into deeds that are in conformity with the spirit of Christ and calculated to win the world to Him.

The realist is impatient with words and symbols. He claims they have no functional value. It is incumbent upon the Christian to prove that he is wrong. Our creed is not just a series of empty formulas strung together. We are what we believe, and the signs of our faith are the signs of our character.

The noblest of all our symbols is the cross. Christianity is so utterly unrealistic as to teach that the only way to find your life is to lose it. The best, the truest, the most substantial advice that can be given to a Catholic graduate is this: Go forth and die. Die to yourself; die to the world; die to greed; die to calculating ambition; die to all the unrealities that the world calls real. Die and you shall live, and live abundantly.

\*At this point Monsignor Johnson suffered a heart attack, died a few minutes later.

Prayer moves an arm that is almighty, and that arm moves the world.

Vincent McNabb, O.P., quoted in the *Redemptorist Record* (May-June '44).

# Michel Pablo, Buffalo King

By ELIZABETH LENT

Four lonesome calves

Condensed from the *Apostle*\*

Many moons ago, so an Indian would tell the story, a young Flathead, Samuel Walking Coyote (his Indian name was Whist-a-Sinchilape) rode his pony from the Mission Valley in western Montana to pay a visit to the Blackfeet, encamped near what is now Glacier National Park. It was a friendly visit. A century or so before, the Blackfeet, constantly at war with the Flatheads over the plains country, had driven the Flatheads farther and farther west. But now all that was over, and when Sam fell in love with a pretty Blackfoot maiden, the nuptials were celebrated with great tribal splendor. In time, however, Sam began to recall (uneasily) that he had a Flathead wife back home, and that according to the teaching of the mission Fathers and the practice of all faithful Flatheads—who, moreover, were not permitted to marry outside the tribe—he was not allowed more than one wife.

The proddings of conscience finally started the guilty Coyote on the homeward trek with the rather reluctant Mrs. Coyote. The story goes that one day there wandered into their camp six little buffalo calves, lowing for their mothers. (It was about the time of the great slaughter of the bison. Up to 1873, hundreds of thousands of buffalo were seen on the Missouri plains, and in a few years all had vanished.) Mr.

and Mrs. Coyote took pity on the buffalo offspring, and when they followed the trail again, the calves gamboled along. Two calves died on the way; only four reached the Flatheads with the couple who had conceived the idea of using them as a peace offering. But soon Sam discovered that he had disgraced himself beyond redemption. Word of the prodigal's return had reached the tribe, and instead of a welcome he received a thrashing for such a disgraceful homecoming. Ostracized, the discredited pair nevertheless made the best of it, and built themselves a log cabin near what is now Dixon. There they lived, and with the four calves, two bulls, two heifers, as a nucleus, started a herd of buffalo, said to have been the first herd of domesticated bison owned by anyone. When they had ten, Charles Allard, a rich cattleman, bought them for \$2,000.

Sam never before had so much money. That and his fondness for "fire-water" proved his undoing. He was found dead under a bridge in the nearby city of Missoula from the effects of a mighty spree. And what became of Sam's little Piegan wife? Near the old Dixon cabin still stands a large rounded clay mound, once a root cellar. Into this, Sabine Mary, victim of smallpox, was shoved, hastily shrouded, and the entrance securely sealed. Not many

\*P. O. Box 87, Detroit, 31, Mich. July, 1944.

know that it is the only monument to the first foster parents of the finest living buffalo.

Later, one Michel Pablo, familiarly known as El Pablo, entered into a partnership with his friend Charley Allard, soon after Allard's purchase from Coyote. When Allard died in 1896, half the herd (150) going to his heirs, the other half to Pablo, the latter, by good management, watched his herd multiply rapidly in the fertile Mission Valley, through which the Pend d'Oreille river runs. Plenty of water, plenty of grass, just what the buffalo needed.

When the great slaughter of the bison had all but exterminated them in the U. S., when there were only a few hundred out of many millions, the largest and finest animals were those of the Pablo herd in the Mission Valley. For a long time before it really happened, it was rumored that the Flathead Reservation was to be opened to the whites because of the rich grazing lands, and since Pablo realized that the buffalo could never live in a civilized country, he offered to sell to the U. S. government. But his terms were rejected.

The story is told that a friend of Pablo's, who had a ranch in North Dakota, adjoining one owned by Theodore Roosevelt (then President), of whom he was also a friend, sent the tongue, heart, and hump, the most delicious parts of the buffalo, to the White House, with directions for cooking, as an urge toward the purchase. Nothing came of it, however; and

when Pablo's wife, a full-blooded Cree Indian from Canada, told him she had heard that the U. S. government was opening the Flathead Reservation to force him to dispose of his buffalo at their terms, he was overheard declaring, "I will never sell to the U. S. while I live."

This remark was repeated to a Mr. Ayotte, French-Canadian agent, who was in the Mission Valley country at the time. (Pablo, it seems, had already approached the Canadian government, first with an attempt to secure grazing lands, then with a tentative offer to sell the entire herd.) Ayotte at once got in touch with Pablo and then with his government. He was instructed to attempt a contract with Pablo, which he did at once. And the Canadian government has since been called the savior of the buffalo.

Few know that the famous contract was signed in a small frame house just down the road in the little town of St. Ignatius, Montana, the home of a Mrs. Dowd, then postmistress. Her only living daughter, a well-known old-timer, will tell you with an air of pride, "Yes, sir! That contract was signed right here on the table in that back room. My own mother handed Pablo and Ayotte the pen and ink."

It took a long time, nearly two years in all, to round up the bison on their range in the Little Bitter Root hills. An immense wedge-shaped corral had to be constructed, doubtless the largest corral ever made or heard of, the fences of poles extending for miles of the range. The buffalo were made to swim

the river, and thence were forced into crates on wagons. Two bulls, often only one big one, took up a whole wagon. The long line, seemingly endless, each wagon drawn by a team of stout horses, and Michel Pablo himself leading the train on horseback, streamed over miles and miles of the plains through villages and towns, to the railway station of Ravalli, where the long train trek (1,500 miles) to Canada began. The number in the herd and the price paid are facts often disputed. But the best authorities, and by that is meant those who knew Pablo personally, give the number as over 700; the amount received from the Canadian government, \$250,000.

Many visitors came to view the shipping process. Among them was Charles Russell, famous painter of the bison in its wild free life. For many spectators it was a shocking remembrance: the crating in narrow compartments, hardly room for the "noble animal" to lie down, the bloodshot eyes, tongue hanging out, the utter subjugation, degradation of the "lord of the continent." The shipping was also attended by imminent danger, even after they were on the train. "Corbett" and "Sullivan" were among the meanest of bulls. The cowboys who had accomplished the roundup had warned of what might, and did, happen. Corbett charged right through the top of the car, jumped down, broke through the rapidly dispersing throngs, and made straight for home on the Bitter Root. He was caught there some months later, and was shipped to Canada. But he and

several others of the no-surrender type had to be killed there. At first the bison were kept in Wainwright National Park, but so rapidly did they multiply that soon they were transferred to Slave River Park, near Great Slave Lake in eastern Canada, where they increased to many thousands in a few years. In 1939, they numbered some 15,000 animals, the largest single herd of bison in the world.

The U. S. government, roused to action by the Pablo sale and the near-panic created by the publications and lectures of the American Bison Society, established a National Bison range of 12,500 acres near Ravalli, Montana. The society agreed to raise the \$10,000 needed for the nucleus to stock this range. It is notable that eastern states contributed most of that sum, New York gentlemen advancing half the amount and Massachusetts \$2,000. But several plains states, "where the butchery was bloodiest" gave nothing at all. The buffalo in the above range, as well as the Yellowstone and other herds are Allard stock, for all of the Pablo animals had been shipped to Canada. Autoists and passengers on the Inter-mountain Bus sometimes get a glimpse of the big herd on the Bison Range as they come down to a water hole near the highway. Lucky tourists, often after a long wait, are rewarded by a sight of the famous albino, the rare white buffalo. It is good to realize that this distinctly American animal is again roaming the land in what is relatively a comeback to freedom.

In the mission cemetery at St. Igna-

tius, Mont., is a large marble tombstone on which, under the inscription, Michel Pablo, the Buffalo King, is a carving of a charging bison. Though El Pablo lived in the Mission Valley, raised there his famous herd, he was not a Flathead. His father, a Spaniard from Mexico, who wandered north to Fort Benton, Mont., married a Piegan woman. Orphaned while still a boy, Michel was adopted by a Scotchman, named Angus McCloud. Later he married a niece of McCloud's Indian wife. Surviving friends remember him as a "shrewd, enterprising, close-mouthed but courteous gentleman." He looked his part, the typical Western cattleman, the American cowboy. He always wore the ten-gallon hat, with wide, stiff brim. (So stiff was this that, slung with a certain twist of the wrist, it would cut right through a plaster wall.) Michel could neither read nor write, except to sign his name, making each letter very slowly, with infinite care. He could do no figuring with pencil, but he could work out accurately in his mind the interest on large sums.

El Pablo was most kind and generous to his wife and children, never refusing them anything they asked.

But while he lived, he handled the money; they spent it. Had he been able to foresee its misuse after his passing, had he known the pitiful state to which his wife was reduced in her latter days, his good sense and shrewdness would have provided in some way that she would be taken care of in a manner befitting the wife of the Buffalo King. Known as old Grandma Pablo, she could be seen, here at St. Ignatius, with her pail, going now to the hospital, now to the kitchen door of the convent, for leftover victuals. A veritable pauper, she lived in a small cabin near the church, where she could be seen chopping wood, doing her own washing: sad, penniless, friendless.

What became of the great wealth, the fortune earned by thrift and wise planning? The answer is an unbelievable story of wild spending. Unused to the handling of such large sums, the heirs, like the Coyote, squandered it overnight in riotous living.

When the children's share of the vast inheritance was gone, they turned to their mother for large and small loans or to ask for security for a note. There is little, if anything, left to show for it now save the stone in the graveyard.



Of what small importance the individual is to some people was brought home to me one day when I asked a man why some of the white people in Africa do not seem to like the missionaries. He said: "Because the priests teach the natives that in God's sight all men are created equal and that every man has an immortal soul to save." If I were looking for a reason for being disliked, I would not want a more glorious one.

From *Action This Day* by Archbishop Francis J. Spellman (Scribner's, 1943).



# American Lingo

By W. J. LOCKMAN

How the language keeps lively

Condensed from the *Liguorian*\*

**According** to Webster, slang is a "language comprising certain widely current terms having a forced, fantastic, or grotesque meaning, or exhibiting eccentric humor or fancy." The Oxford dictionary says much the same, but adds that slang is "highly colloquial."

The pioneers introduced some grotesque and fantastic words. They called liquor *mountain dew*, *coffin varnish*, *stagger soup*, or *tonsil paint*. A few other words of those days were to *hornswoggle*, to *pan out*, *rambunctious*, and *pay dirt*. They are still heard today doing postgraduate work. A business may fail to *pan out*; a convalescent may be feeling *rambunctious*; and anyone can hit *pay dirt* if *Lady Fortune will only smile*.

Slang came into being in the attempt of men to be concrete and novel. Its undisguised aim is to shock, but not necessarily to offend. There is no one particular source of slang: the stage and college campus, columnists, sports writers, waiters in dime-a-plate lunch counters, all help promote slang.

The late G. K. Chesterton once said: "All slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry." What Chesterton meant was that both slang and poetry try to make the fields of metaphor more fertile. They try to increase the supply of striking, colorful words. Al-

though many poets would not admit it, in fact, would flatly deny it, poetry may contain slang. Some of Shakespeare's best had tasty bits of slang. To *bump* and *dwindle*, *foppish* and *sportive*, to name a few, were all a trifle lower than mere colloquialisms in his day.

The slang of yesterday is often accepted today by the highly educated persons. It is accredited by the ordinary American long before the well-born will even condescend to listen to it. He has a thousand and one variations for the one word *girl*. She can be simply a *jane*, a *dame*, a *moll*, a *skirt*, or a *doll*. If she perhaps strikes a chord on his heartstrings, she might be a *darb*, a *baby vamp*, *some kitten*, or a *snappy piece of work*. And the poor lass who scrubs her teeth with the wrong tooth powder! She is a *pill*, a *lemon*, a *flat tire*, or just a plain *mess*.

A boy and his girl friend are seated at a roadside lunch counter. The girl orders some scrambled eggs, some beans, bread and butter, and for dessert a piece of apple pie. The waiter turns toward a little hole in the rear wall and cries out, "Adam and Eve on a raft, wreck 'em; platter of Saturday nights; dough well done, cow on top; Eve with the lid on." It isn't on the menu, but that's what was ordered.

The coiner of slang can concoct his

\*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. July, 1944.



untried expression in any way he likes, and from any source he may unearth. One favorite method is the use of an attribute or of some quality that describes the object of his attention. In this way the word *stiff* came into being for corpse; *smoke-eater* for fireman; a woman became a *skirt*; a parasite, a *yes man*. At times the inventor's strivings are evident; he uses outlandish figures for what he means; *glad rags* is a common word for fine clothing, *booze foundry* for saloon.

When a person's days are done, he will be given a *wooden overcoat* (coffin). This may have resulted from a *necktie party* (lynching) because one *sang* too much (confessed to the police), or it may be because one became *lubricated* (intoxicated) with so much *giggle water* (intoxicating liquor) that the *castor-oil artist* (doctor) was useless.

Oftentimes the *town crier* (radio singer who sings too loudly) causes *turkey* (unsuccessful radio program), and then the *scoutmaster* (executive of the advertising department) *runs such a temperature* (becomes so emotionally upset) that he *cuts paper dolls* (becomes dazed). If the singer is a *cream puff* or a *pantie waist* (effeminate man) and cannot *beef* (argue), he will very likely be *canned* (discharged).

In sports slang runs with carefree abandon. In the banker's game of golf one of the best shots is a *birdie*, while the baseball addict is often content with nothing less than a *homer* and with *bags bulging*.

The sports fan demands his game in

slang. Polished words and well-turned phrases are for literature, and the sports page is not literature. Words like *southpaw*, or *port-sider*, *initial sack*, *grasscutter*, and *shut-out* were practically nursed with the game of baseball, and they will live as long as a player can swing a bat. The process of canonization for them has been constant usage. Some years ago one of Chicago's newspapers asked its readers if they would rather have their baseball told in ordinary English than in slang. The answer was a unanimous negative. One answer said, "One is nearer the park when Schulte slams the pill than when he merely hits the ball. The fans want baseball, not fancy language."

Uncle Sam's fighting forces have a radiant supply of slang. The Air Corps' array matches the color of the corps itself. One of their oldtimers is *dogfight* (combat between two planes). Some more modern terms are: *flying the gauges* (instrument flying); *geese* (enemy bomber formation); *glass-house* (power-operated turret); *hangar pilot* (mechanic who talks a great fight); *pulpit* (cockpit); and the famous *short snorter*.

And the Navy! Its language is as salty as the deep blue on which it rides. To be *fogbound* in the Navy is to be in a daze. In the Navy, too, Emily Post must have influence because the phrase *man overboard* means that your spoon is in your cup. *Chow* is food, which *goes down the hatch*, whether it be *iron cow* (milk), *punk* (bread), or *sea gull* (chicken).

Then there are the twins that belong to this family of slang: cant and argot. They are often identical with slang and often include slang itself. Cant is simply an attempt to make what is said unintelligible to an outsider. Argot is the jargon used by a particular profession, as stage, radio, carpenters, or policemen.

The argot of a criminal is wide and varied. For instance, *hard stuff* is used for metal money, *bull* for policeman. But even criminals are divided in their meanings of words. On the Pacific coast a forger may be called a *scratcher*, while in the East he is still an *old paperhanger*. In the East a jewelry store is a *slum joint*; in the West it is an *icehouse*.

The underworld uses to-the-point words. The *big shot* is the equivalent of the president. *Torpedo*, *triggerman*, and *gorilla* are names for those who are willing to murder at wholesale prices. The term "real McCoy" is their name for liquor that is of the best. One

story has it that the term proceeds from Kid McCoy, the one-time welterweight champion of the boxing world. It seems that a man who had had one drink too many tried to start a quarrel with Kid McCoy. This inebriate refused to believe that he was provoking a pugilistic champion by the name of McCoy. McCoy used persuasion in the form of an exploding right to the jaw. When the drunk picked himself up, his remark was, "That's the real McCoy." Whether true or not, the story gives an idea of how slang is born.

The march of words goes merrily on. Some come to stay, although they come in under the most trying conditions.

Today's slang may become tomorrow's stuff of literature or it may and likely will get lost as time goes by. However, as Chesterton says, "Slang is too sacred and precious to be used promiscuously. Its use should be led up to reverently, for it expresses what the King's English could not."



## No Hotel

An English lady visitor to an Irish village had the misfortune to put a question about possible accommodation to an old gentleman, who gave her a lecture on Irish history instead. Of course, with her English accent she was God's gift to an oppressed Gael.

"But what I really wanted to know is whether we can get lodgings for the night," she persisted.

"No, lady," he said firmly, "there is no hotel accommodation in Clonmacnoise since the English burned the Abbey guesthouse in 1552."

Frank O'Connor in *The Picture Book*, quoted in the *Irish Digest* (April '44).

# Frank Estis, Distributor

By FAITH MOORLAND

A magazine is his calling card

Condensed from the *Catholic Mirror*\*

**Have you** ever lain flat on your back in a hospital, staring all day at the ceiling? And then maybe someone handed you a card a friend had sent, "Get well quick, we're sorry you're sick." Silly, but it put you in touch with the world and you forgot the ceiling.

Then, later, someone handed you a magazine. Perhaps it was published when Chamberlain and Hitler were smiling over teacups at Munich, but you didn't care. It was something to read and made you forget where you were.

If you have had those experiences you can appreciate what Frank Estis, of Chicago, went through when he was a patient at a hospital and received a bundle of magazines from a friend. He didn't have them long. Everyone in the ward wanted to borrow them. In self-defense Frank sent for more and with them came an idea: why not make literature distribution his hobby?

That was over 20 years ago. Today, distributing literature to hospitals is Frank's full-time job, which is bearing fruit at the rate of one convert a day.

Estis rubber-stamps his magazines and newspapers with this message: "May I have your religious and secular books, magazines, prayer books, newspapers for hospitals, institutions, etc. I started this work in 1919. Frank S.

Estis, 1925 S. Troy St., Chicago."†

So stamped, today 30,000 pieces of literature a week pass through Mr. Estis' hands, and the mailman delivers cartons of material from Frank Estis to all parts of the world. Before the war he even sent magazines to Japan, Russia, and India, and since it started, Camp Forrest, in Tennessee, alone, receives over 100 current copies of *Our Sunday Visitor*, the postage paid by the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Top-notch hotels and busy railroad terminals in Chicago all have racks, carrying pieces of Estis' literature and appeals. Racks in railroad terminals have been responsible for conversion of 30 Red Caps.

Frank Estis has 50 volunteer workers and visits about 50 institutions weekly. This includes jails, infirmaries, sanitariums, houses of correction, and every important institution he is allowed to enter. Every Sunday at the Cook County hospital alone (the largest hospital in the world) more than 20 helpers are busy.

Because some people will shy from anything Catholic, Estis uses all the clean secular papers and magazines he can get, and although his main work is distributing literature, it has led him

†Frank has a different address now. Press photos showed him being evicted because his landlady could not obtain fire insurance, due to his "accumulation of paper."

\*P. O. Box 1570, Springfield, 1, Mass. July, 1944.

into other fields of charity, such as providing clothes for down and outers; and he sees that poor children making their First Communion are provided with new rosaries and prayer books.

One-half of the Estis home is piled high with literature awaiting distribution. The basement, a two-door garage, his porch and corners and halls of his flat are full to overflowing. Twenty-five million magazines have passed through his hands, and the known good he has done is outweighed only by the unknown.

As the result of the publicity given to Mr. Estis' work other people have started similar projects. One woman pays weekly visits to hospitals in her city, carrying armfuls of literature she has collected from her neighbors. And down New Bedford way, young girls are giving a few hours after school pasting pictures of news events on wrapping paper; these are tied together in book form and later left at a local infirmary. Perhaps Frank Estis has started a movement that will become world wide in its appeal.



### Island Life

The Chamorros on Saipan Island are one of the most interesting races in the Pacific. They were the earliest known inhabitants of the Marianas. Under the Spanish regime, Tagalogs from the Spanish Philippines came to the islands and intermarried with the Chamorros, and the Spaniards added their quota. The Chamorros of today are a blend of three lively races. Their color is light, their language is half Spanish, their women wear the long skirts and balloon sleeves of the Philippines, and their men play guitars.

While our ship lay at anchor we stayed at the balconied, tropical-Spanish hacienda of Concepcion Reyes. The home of this beautiful widow was always overflowing with relatives, friends, and perfect strangers, for if you hear the sound of music in a Chamorro house, you just walk in. There is none of the exclusiveness of the Japanese home.

Music there was, day and night, and dancing on the floor of polished wood, bouncing dances that made the colored pictures of saints and angels tremble on the walls. But not on Sundays. Then guitars were laid aside, the men put on embroidered coats, the women placed high combs in their hair and mantillas over their shoulders, and all went to the Spanish mission.

*From Japan's Islands of Mystery by Willard Price (John Day, 1944).*

# Aleutian Interval

Yesterday, today, tomorrow

By EDWARD A. HERRON

Condensed from the *Catholic Life*\*

In the Aleutian Islands, geography comes in endless waves of green waters and long reaches of space climbing toward the outside limits of the North Pacific. The wild, straggling chain of islands reaches out from the mainland of Alaska, outward and downward, dropping a myriad of gaunt, volcano-spewed monstrosities that sit squat and ugly in the water like black, bewildered children released in a nightmare of winds.

Inside the hut there is darkness and the red-white glow of the coal stove, and the sound of nine men sleeping; tired men, men who have traveled to the roof of the world that a job might be done. They have journeyed so far that they have outstripped civilization. In the haste of things, all was left behind but the tools for the job and what could be crammed into the ships for the men and the job. Life as they knew it was behind them and there was only the job. The world became an island isolated from the other world they had lived in.

Even the Church is gone. You grope in memory through the long months. You remember on the ship coming up, ages ago so it seems, that Sunday when the world was the Pacific and the harsh, metallic words came over the ship's loudspeaker that there were church services in the troops' mess.

Memory brings back the group standing around the organ singing hymns, Catholic hymns, Protestant hymns, for there was no priest on board, only one of the ship's officers pumping manfully on the little organ. But there was no priest. Now even the ship was gone.

There is a light above the bunk, carefully shielded that others might sleep. You lay in the bunk for a moment, listening to the wind howling cruelly outside and the sharp splatter of hail on the tin sides of the hut, and you are thankful for shelter from the wind. You reach out your hand to the pile of books and for the first time you see the mimeographed sheet: a newspaper, a hastily assembled assortment of odds and ends on the island life and the world beyond, and in the middle, set off by two crosses, the announcement: Catholic services will be held for the first time Sunday, 6:30 A.M., at the designated hut in X area.

Catholic services! For the moment the wind is forgotten and the bleakness and the vast distances, and the mind is quickened with remembrance. There is warmth in the thought that the Church had bridged the terrible space, and the things that had been born a part of us, that had grown with us and would die with us, were here at hand. But there is the urgency of living and the job, for the job is end-

\*334 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, 7, Pa. Summer, 1944.



less, day after day without end and with hours no man thought possible. So a hand reaches out and snaps the light, for sleep is necessary and 6:30 comes quickly.

In the cold, black morning, the hail has turned to stinging rain slashing in ribbons from the black clouds. What passes for streets are quagmires of volcanic sand and mud in which rubber boots sink deep, sucking out in protest with every step. But every step forward into the darkness brings one closer to the designated hut. A truck rumbles by, its headlights piercing the night and the rain. Men on their way to work are huddled down for shelter between the cold steel sides of the truck. Other trucks come through, bringing men back, beaten by hours on the job throughout the long, screaming night.

There is the hut, like myriads of others huddled about it in the darkness, and the bare white sign upon it, "Chapel." Outside, the incongruity of a huge dump truck, its motor rumbling, and beside it a forlorn jeep, open to the wind and the rain.

We push open the storm door and beyond it, on the inner door, the printed sign, "Catholic Mass, 6:30 A.M. Protestant services, 4 P.M." This church is democratic, for huts give shelter to men, and shelter stands high in the land of the eternal wind.

Inside there are wooden benches, white against the brown composition of the hut walls. Up ahead, there is the low, desklike affair that will serve as an altar, and to one side a pulpit, nothing else.

A colonel in the U.S. Army is standing by the small table to one side, hair close-cropped, and trouser cuffs turned down over heavy Army brogans, busy at the small black traveling bag. You see him lift the chasuble, and the thought comes like a shock—this, then, is the priest! You see his face as he turns for a moment, busy with preparations, and once more a flood of memories; life has suddenly become a swift current of memories, and you know—this man, this colonel in the Army, this chaplain, is a priest you knew and loved 13 years before in high school. Not really, for the priest you knew is dead—but there is the same serious expression, the same quick movement, the same kind unexpected smile. You know, you are positive, when he turns to those grouped on the benches, and you hear his voice, the same voice, "I understand the pulpit is also to be our confessional." The scraping of benches and the tread of heavy, boot-clad feet on the wooden floor brings you out of your memory, and you see the chaplain bent low behind the pulpit, sitting on its step, his eyes closed, while a soldier kneels awkwardly on one knee and confesses. There are others, six, ten, a dozen.

You take the missal out of your heavy jacket, the missal your little daughter sent to a daddy who had left so suddenly and has stayed so long. Unexpectedly, the chaplain steps toward you and whispers, "Would you like to serve Mass?"

Instinctively, with a motion born of years of habits long forgotten, you are



on your feet, helping him with the vesting, laying out the altar cards while your mind is in a tumult. "How long since I have served Mass? Ten years? Twelve years? You tremble for you had not thought of this, and the nearness of the altar is something strange. The chaplain is ready, and you take two steps with him to the altar, and you listen as in a dream, *Introibo ad altare Dei*; the trembling is gone, and the years roll back as though never passed and coming clear in response, liquid syllables roll off your tongue in measured cadence, *Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam*." From that moment you live another life, life as once you lived it when kneeling beside a priest uttering the same words, going through the same motions, listening to the same beautiful, spoken-chanted words were a daily ritual of long years' standing.

You kneel before the makeshift altar, eyes lifted to the priest as he murmurs the prayers of the Mass, your own lips ready with the responses, but unbidden, wrong or no, your thoughts take flight with the wind beating against the hut. All the barrenness and emptiness of life and the terrible, strangling urgency of the job are gone, and in their place is peace, peace that brings with it remembrance. For the wind is

gone, and the rain is gone, and the bare white wooden floor is gone, and there remain only the priest and the low-voiced words of the Mass, and the slow-studied movements to and fro. And the thought: this is the Church of the Ascension, where we knelt as school children, this is the same priest, the same Mass; this is the Church of the Holy Family in Glendale where the windows are open and one sees palm trees framed in sunlight, for this is the same priest and the same Mass; this is the Cathedral in Seattle where one stops for a moment upon the steps to look out upon the shipping moving slowly in the Sound, for the words are the same and the priest is the same. And the words are said in North Africa and Guadalcanal and China and Italy, and the priest is always the same.

Afterwards, when Mass is finished, one goes off to the job that is waiting, for the day is pressing and will pass, and be supplanted by another day; but the Church of our childhood, and our youth, the Church of our marriage and the Baptism of our newborn children, the Church of black-shrouded Requiems, the Church will be here today and tomorrow and always and forever. And the same priest and the same Mass will be waiting, no matter where the headlong footsteps of life may lead.



In a wreck of a California ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with 200 pounds of gold in it, with which he was found afterwards at the bottom. Now as he was sinking, had he the gold? or had the gold him?

From *Unto This Last* by John Ruskin.

# Fan Letter for the Radio

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Condensed from his column\*

A button turns it off

**During** the year I have very little time, or inclination, to listen to the radio. But when, as at present, I am on vacation, I seek to make up for my delinquency during the rest of the year.

I must, blushing, admit to being fascinated by the daytime radio serials, and here, in the rural quiet, I sit in a kind of mesmeric stupor as these exemplifications of the ultimate in pathos come over the air. My exposure to the lachrymose inanities is an annual affair, something like a trip to a hot-springs resort. Before I take the plunge, after months in which I have no contact with the moaning minnies, I am always apprehensive. Perhaps everything has been changed. Perhaps intelligence and taste have invaded the broadcasting studios. I felt this uncertainty again this year as I put my trembling hand to the switch.

But I was instantly reassured. Lugubrious organ music was softly playing. And a woman was sobbing desperately, for all the world as if she had just discovered a run in her last pair of nylons. There was no dialogue for at least half a minute, only groaning, snuffling, and that dolorous squeaking which often makes grief seem comic.

What was this stricken creature lamenting? Well, you may be sure that her grief was not baseless. The heroines of soap operas always have woe.

It seems that this woman's first husband (a nasty piece) never knew that he had a child by her. They had separated before the child was born. She married again, after the birth of the child, and did not tell her second husband about it, either. Somehow she managed to keep in touch with the child. Now it is about to be snatched out of her life altogether, and, what is worse, an unscrupulous acquaintance threatens to tell both the first and second husbands of its existence. This will mean unpleasantness from both. Hence it can be understood why the heroine is giving an imitation of chops frying out on the kitchen stove. The actresses who are engaged for those plangent pieces must have two principal qualifications: first, the ability to read their lines excruciatingly slow, with gaping pauses not only between words but also between syllables; secondly, readiness in wailing.

Incredibly but actually, variations on this sort of thing go on and on throughout the long daylight hours. Anguish is ladled out to the American housewife in great, dripping quantities. Despite all the scalding criticism which people of sensibility, psychologists, and others have heaped on those mournful monstrosities, they remain extraordinarily popular. Many listeners regard the afflicted characters in them as living per-

\*The Sifting Floor. In the Catholic Transcript, Hartford, Conn. July 18, 1944.

sons, write them, and send them everything from cookies to corn plasters. When one of the serials goes off the air (presumably because its author has been carted off to an asylum), indignant letters flood the broadcasting stations and the sponsors. Hence, as a rule, the sorry things are dragged out for years, with the heroine always in crisis.

The popular music of the moment, to judge from what I have heard endlessly repeated during the last few hot days, consists chiefly of a praiseworthy admonition to the milkman, which most of the singers would do well to direct to their own vocal chords; dirge-like commentary on the length of time it has been since you went away; and insistence on the frightening possibility that one might grow up at all. The singers who voice these melodic curiosities either yell as if a red-hot poker was being applied somewhere to their persons, or moan as if a vampire had just drawn the last ounce of blood from them. Both varieties are greeted by shrieks which only the damned could utter. But these shrieks, I understand, are meant to be a sign of approbation.

It is paradoxical that one should

laugh during the agony sessions in the morning and grieve during the only comedy sessions at night, but that is the case. The alleged comedy is a matter either of outrageous puns or flabby insults. Puns are tolerable if clever and decidedly infrequent. What the people who obtain money under false pretenses as comedians serve up is a tasteless hash of numerous, tortured puns and inept, unsubtle insults.

As for the radio forums, they are chiefly notable for their demonstration of the ease with which people miss the point and ignore the question at issue. A topic is announced. It is specific. The wording of the proposition is precise. But the participants in the discussion never define their terms. It is, therefore, inevitable that there will not be a meeting of minds. Unless terms are defined, debaters indulge merely in wild shadow-boxing. And it is notable that allegations, opinions, or prejudices are instanced instead of facts, or objectively sound arguments. The radio discussions may be lively, but they certainly are feeble as sources of light.

My annual bout with run-of-the-mill radio once more convinces me that one makes no mistake in paying it little heed during the year.



## No Like

A Virginia State Penitentiary inmate raises pure-bred dogs. Each from puppyhood is trained to dislike certain persons and things. And believe it or not, when Frankie Sinatra or Gang Busters comes on, those well-behaved pups tilt their noses upward and quietly leave the room.

*The Presidio* (July '44).

# Swiss Pattern

By MAX JORDAN

"In the name of God"

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**This is** Switzerland: a federalistic democracy steadfastly adhering to its tenets in the midst of a totalitarian darkness.

A people diverse by race, language, and creed, united by the common ideal of freedom which they uphold in the heart of a continent torn by nationalistic prejudices and ideological fanaticisms.

A country about twice the size of New Jersey, with no outlet to the sea and now completely isolated from the rest of the world by war, maintaining its independence against the aggressive appetites of powerful neighbors who reluctantly grant it neutrality.

A home of brave, free men and women and a land of true peace and tolerance, graced by the choicest beauties of God's creation.

Yes, this is Switzerland, a truly great and rightly proud republic, which celebrated its 653rd birthday in August.

Some years ago, I was received by the President of Switzerland, then Rudolf Minger, a sturdy peasant, broad-shouldered, determined, and clear-thinking, yet kindly and unpretentious. Like Cincinnatus, the Roman patrician, he had been summoned from his farm to serve the republic, and now he was sitting behind his desk in an office of the Berne administration building, simply furnished and devoid

of the symbols of governmental glamor or so dear to the heart of many a career politician.

The only picture on the bare walls was one of Abraham Lincoln.

"He is close to us," said President Minger. "Like one of our own in spirit and aspiration."

The parallel was convincing indeed, for Switzerland is a living democracy which has translated into practice the ideals of her constitution. And our Founding Fathers have adopted its pattern. Switzerland's system of government, tested through six centuries, has become our own. As the Alamanni, French, Italians, and Romans all live peaceably together within the Swiss borders, with all four languages given official recognition, so we have translated the melting-pot ideal on a continental scale. Just as we have 48 sovereign states, so Switzerland has her 22 sovereign cantons, and to this very day, some of them hold their *Lands-gemeinden*, their outdoor parliaments, in the market squares to elect their magistrates by acclamation, reminding us of America's town meetings of yore.

There could hardly exist a closer affinity of two peoples in their fundamental beliefs. It has found its deepest expression in the spiritual ideals embodied in the Swiss as well as in the

\**Union City, N. J. August, 1944.*

American constitution. They both rest on the recognition that faith in God is the mainspring of democracy.

To maintain her own way of life is obviously a much more difficult task for Switzerland than for the U. S. The land of William Tell cannot even dream of isolation, for it is surrounded by neighbors, constitutionally antagonistic in their aims, who have tried to impose their influence on one another, culturally as well as politically and economically. Total and strict neutrality is the only satisfactory answer to the problems which arise out of so unique an international position.

We can appreciate the practical implications of this policy when even now, in time of war, we see trusted Swiss merchantmen under safe conduct of the belligerents sail into New York harbor from Genoa and Lisbon; when we find stores in this country still offering dependable Swiss watches, clocks, typewriters, phonographs, and other manufactured articles; and when we think of the vital importance foreign trade will again assume for Switzerland in peacetime.

Back in the fatal summer of 1940, when the nazi juggernaut came rolling across France's borders, grim days appeared to be in store for Switzerland. From the hills surrounding Basel, on the very banks of the River Rhine, one could hear the distant roar of battle. Both the Maginot and the Siegfried lines were only a few miles distant, and it looked as if Switzerland might become a victim of neighbors engaged in a death struggle.

The people talked of evacuation. Many moved inland to the mountains. Bank accounts were transferred to safer regions. Troop movements were noticeable all over the country. Military roads were patrolled both day and night. Pillboxes could be seen along the borders. Under General Guisan's sober leadership, fortifications were completed on high Alpine passes. Food, raw material, and armament reserves were stored away on almost inaccessible altitudes, hidden in colossal rocky caves. "Remain calm, strongly united; thus we'll maintain our liberty," said the General.

"We are prepared," remarked one of the Swiss officers. "All bridges are mined, and so are the great railroad tunnels: the Gotthard, the Simplon, and the Loetschberg. We can break the life line of communications throughout Central Europe by throwing a switch. Hitler will want to think twice before he takes that chance."

It is, of course, a matter of no small interest to all belligerents that Switzerland still remains a trading post of diplomacy; that prisoner exchanges can be accomplished through her good offices; that the International Red Cross, founded by that renowned Swiss humanitarian, Henri Dunant, can operate from Swiss soil; that in spite of a severe blackout of news all over the continent, trustworthy information can still be obtained from Swiss sources and transmitted unhindered through Swiss communication facilities. Few realize, for instance, that even now our press and news agencies maintain cor-



respondents in Switzerland who telephone their reports directly to New York without interference from nazi censors.

Even at this stage of the war, however, there is no assurance that the danger is past. The Allies certainly will respect Swiss neutrality without qualification, and the nazi armies could hardly gain an advantage in this final hour by adding another to their many enemies. But once the nazis break up, Switzerland may well find herself in a position similar to Portugal's at the time of the Spanish Civil War, when armed bands and refugees were trying to cross the border, seeking protection and food. Nazi chieftains may attempt to escape into the Swiss haven, and the anarchy which is bound to follow in the wake of a German defeat will have profound reverberations in surrounding territories.

The most important weapon of the Swiss will be their moral strength. In this respect they have every reason to look into the future confidently, for those four million sturdy, indomitable people are united behind a solid home front that stems from their democratic traditions.

The Catholics, less than half the population, may well be proud of their contributions to the country. The Urkantone, the cantons around Lake Lucerne which formed the original nucleus of the confederation, the Italian-speaking districts of the Tessin, the French-language regions around Lake Geneva, some parts of the Jura mountains along the Alsatian border, and

the eastern cantons around St. Gall are preeminently Catholic.

Some of Switzerland's most distinguished statesmen are of our faith: its late President, Guiseppe Motta, for instance, who coined the beautiful phrase that the Swiss "cannot rival other countries except in the arduous search after moral greatness"; Enrico Celio, the present chief executive; and Gen. Henri Guisan, the fourth Swiss general since the establishment of the national army, now its commander in chief.

Catholic dailies like the *Vaterland* of Lucerne, the *Volksblatt* of Basel, the *Nachrichten* of Zurich, the *Ostschweiz* of St. Gall, and the *Tribune* of Geneva, also the Catholic press agency *Kipa*, and such magazines as the monthly *Schweizerische Rundschau*, keep the home fires burning, as it were, in the very heart of a continent which finds so many of its religious and civil liberties blotted out.

Einsiedeln remains one of the most popular pilgrimage centers of our blessed Mother in all Europe, and the boys' choir of Einsiedeln monastery is one of the finest units of its kind. And, of course, there is the Augustinian hospice of the great St. Bernard standing high on one of the most traveled of ancient mountain passes, at an altitude of 8,110 feet, near the Italo-Swiss border. The hospice has gained a world-wide reputation because of its dogs that have rescued many a strayed traveler from death in the snows. By the St. Bernard road Hannibal crossed the Alps, throwing terror into imperial Rome, and along this trail Napoleon



led his troops. The monks have now opened a hospice on a Tibetan mountain pass, where life is still primitive. Centuries may pass before modern civilization catches up with them there. However, the religious and charitable achievements of their motherhouse in Switzerland remain one of the glorious pages of Swiss history.

Today many Americans learn at first hand what the Swiss are doing to alleviate the sufferings of humanity. There are more than 500 American airmen now interned in Switzerland who either escaped across the German borders after parachuting on enemy territory or were forced to make emergency landings on Swiss soil, and now enjoy the country's generous hospitality. The NCWC War Relief Services made it known recently that some 37,000 Catholic fighting men, including 12,000 Poles and 24,000 Italians, are interned in Switzerland, as well as some 5,000 Catholic civilians. All depend on Swiss generosity, which in turn relies upon American gifts.

Once the war is over, all this should not be forgotten. Switzerland has truly been a good friend to all humanity, and, while upholding her own just prerogatives, has acquitted herself nobly

of her obligations as a neutral. In spite of severe pressure by some of the belligerents, she has not once deviated.

Just think: only recently Switzerland was able to hold a national election in true democratic fashion, and, despite the severe pressure of wartime emergencies, her administrative machinery has maintained its shining integrity! It is indeed an admirable performance for Hitler's closest neighbor. Most of the Swiss, we must remember, speak German. Their leading newspapers are printed in German. Their most important radio stations broadcast in German. One might have thought such a soil fertile for Herr Goebbels' propaganda. But the Swiss remain adamant. They still like democracy. They still want none of nazi superman ideas and nazi paganism. They never forget that the white cross is their national symbol. They remember that theirs is the oldest democracy in the world, established in 1291 "in the name of God" when the 33 Founding Fathers of the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden made their solemn vow on the green shores of Lake Lucerne to be free and independent of foreign overlords and entered a free covenant which was to "endure forever with God's help."



## Drug

By its enemies religion has been called a drug. It is a drug, and furthermore, it is the *only* drug that will counteract the virus of hatred now flowing in the blood streams of men and nations.

From *Action This Day* by Archbishop Francis J. Spellman (Scribner's, 1943).

# Rome—Yesterday and Today

By JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia

Condensed from the *Clergy Review*\*

Rome began as a small settlement on one or two of the seven hills. A handful of herdsmen looked down on the River Tiber and on the marshy ground at the foot of the hills. The settlement grew into a small city. There arose quarrels with neighbors, and for at least one spell Rome was subject to foreign rulers from the north. The city was linked with other small cities in the Latin League. At first a member state like the others, it rapidly became *prima inter pares* and then simply *prima* without the pretense of parity. Wars followed: to the north, against those mysterious people, the Etruscans, who have left interesting monuments in brick and stone but little historical record, and who have bequeathed their name to Tuscany; to the south, through Latium into Campania, where for the first time Rome entered into contact with Greek cities, such as Cumae and Puteoli.

Then came the historic struggle with a great commercial empire from overseas, its rich and influential center at Carthage, in what is now Tunisia. It was a life-and-death struggle, fateful for Rome and for western civilization. Carthage was beaten, though only just beaten and after supreme efforts, at the close of the second Punic war; in the third, half a century afterwards, Carthage was destroyed.

A period of swift expansion followed, throughout Greece into Asia Minor and, to a slower extent, into the Balkans; from mid-North Africa eastward as far as Egypt; over the sea to Spain and across the mountains into Gaul. Advance was steady. Yet, frequently enough, it was the force of circumstances rather than deliberate design which drove the Romans onwards. Less so than with that of Britain, still at times with considerable truth, the Roman Empire was gathered absent-mindedly. One campaign led to another; to secure a particular frontier it became necessary to go beyond it. In retrospect, there is something relentless in the Roman march almost to the confines of the then known world. There were always regions that lay outside the empire; the provinces east of the Rhine and north of the River Main; the portion of Britain north of Hadrian's wall; Persia in the East. Nonetheless, one can hear the firm and incessant tread of the Roman legionaries as they march over the Roman roads and set up their forts and camps at strategic points. The big towns of southern and western Europe are largely Roman in their origin, at the juncture of roads and rivers; they were the centers from which the Roman administration controlled the world.

The city of Rome is fascinating in

\*28 Ashley Place, London, S.W. 1, England. July, 1944.

its blend of the ancient, the Christian, and Renaissance eras, to say nothing of the more modern. In an abiding record of stone and mortar one can witness the gradual triumph of Christian truth over a wealthy and cultured society. The Christian leaven worked slowly, but it was working all the time; and Rome, once conquered spiritually, became the earthly center of our Lord's Church.

The buildings of ancient Rome, though massive and conceived on a generous scale, have suffered from the erosion of time, as also from attack from without and the feuds of Roman families within. However, from the old republican Forum, together with the various imperial fora, for the present condition of which we are heavily indebted to modern excavation, one can glimpse something of Rome of old. It was the center of public life before the Caesars. Men walked and talked here under gleaming marble porticos; here they chatted about the foreign situation or the state of markets. Here was the traditional tomb of Romulus, Rome's founder; the *Regia* or house of King Numa Pompilius, who had given Rome its code of ritual and religious laws; the "convent" of the vestal virgins with Vesta's temple (temple of Vesta, goddess of hearth and home-stand), where was kept burning the sacred flame of Rome. Here, too, the *rostra*, or hustings, from which Cicero and his fellow politicians harangued the people. There, the spot where Julius Caesar was murdered, and over it rose the *Templum Divi Iulii*, the first

of those imperial shrines which claimed an element of "divinity" for the ruler whom it commemorated.

To get away from pagan Rome, turn southwards from the Forum and Colosseum, pass through the Porta San Sebastiano on to the old Appian Way. It was along the new *Via Appia* that part of the Fifth Army advanced upon Rome. The older way runs parallel, and it has the distinction of being the first of that wide network of Roman roads that covered Italy and southern Europe. Its title was *Regina Viarum*, the Queen of Highways; it was begun in 312 B.C. by the censor, Appius Claudius; it ran from Rome to Capua, thence to Brindisi. For a while you walk between dull brownish walls of beaten earth. Soon the road is more open and it winds between the remains of pagan funeral monuments, over which the dark cypresses and pines stand silent sentinels. After a mile or so you approach some of the Christian catacombs: to one side, those of Domitilla and Praetextatus; along the way itself, the better-known catacombs of San Callisto.

It was into a highly complex society that the first missionaries of the new Christian faith came. Simple men they were for the most part; chief among them, St. Peter; and later came St. Paul. There are many traditions that link Peter with Rome, to say nothing of explicit statements found in the early Christian writers. His name is associated, in such traditions, with the house of St. Prisca on the Aventine; with the house and family of Clement, not far

from the republican Forum; with the imperial gardens on the Vatican hill, where he was put to death. St. Paul suffered martyrdom during the same persecution, but some distance along the Ostian Way, which joined Rome with the sea. On or near the sites of their martyrdom are now the great basilicas: St. Peter's on the Vatican, with the Palace of the Popes adjoining; St. Paul's along the way to Ostia *fuori le mura*. In Christian eyes those two apostles have become the founders of the new and Christian Rome that rose over the ruins of the old and pagan Rome which, at first, seemed to them to be nothing but the great Babylon, the incarnation of all that was evil and purely of this world, but was later seen, in a providential design, to have unified the ancient world that the Church might infuse into it a spirit of higher unity, under God and in Christ. Christians came to see that the material universality of the Roman Empire had proved a fortunate preparation for the preaching of a universal faith.

And so imperial Rome was transformed into Christian and papal Rome. Centuries earlier it was claimed that, although Rome overcame the temporal power of Greece (what Rome overcame was Macedon, that had subjugated and stifled Greece), it took for its own whatever was of value in Greek tradition. Now Rome's turn had arrived. Rome succumbed. From the empire's northern boundaries poured in hordes of Huns and Vandals, Ostrogoths and Visigoths. The one power that gradually chastened those north-

ern tribes and at the same time preserved much of the legacy of Greece and Rome was the Christian papacy. The Dark Ages were real enough; but what saved Europe then and brought Europe out of darkness into the new light of medieval and in part Christianized society was once again the papacy. Rome shone like a beacon light; and, in the West, it was the only beacon light.

First in Rome today is St. Peter's: the arms of Bernini's colonnade flung wide to embrace, as though in welcoming gesture, the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims assembled there, with eyes reverently raised towards a white-clad figure at the central loggia over the basilica as he imparts a blessing *urbi et orbi*; Michelangelo's fascinating cupola, lying too far back to be seen in due proportion from the piazza of St. Peter's because of the change of the ground plan of the church from a Greek to a Latin cross, but admirable and inspiring when contemplated from the Pincio terraces in the evening, the red light of the setting sun blazing through its windows, or from the Janiculum, whence it seems to hang above the trees like some graceful construction of a faery dream. Inside St. Peter's, rich decoration against a massive background; vast columns and arches aglitter with gold. In the center, under the high altar, the Confession of St. Peter, where repose the earthly relics of the great apostle; around the Confession burn and flicker a hundred lamps. Behind the main altar, at the end of the long choir, is Bernini's

Gloria, where four gigantic statues, representing doctors of the western and eastern Churches, hold aloft, in its casket of bronze and gold, the original wooden *cathedra* of the chief of the apostles.

Or find your way, almost diagonally across the city, to St. John Lateran. It is the oldest of Rome's larger churches, the true cathedral of the popes. I remember it best on the occasion of the 16th centenary of its first consecration. The date was Nov. 9, 1924. Sixteen centuries backwards and we are in 324 A.D., when the chapel that had been established in the palace of the Laterani became a church and was consecrated with the title of Basilica of the Saviour. Much later, in the 9th century, the names of the two St. Johns, Evangelist and Baptist, were connected with it; that is the reason why it is generally known as San Giovanni in Laterano. But proudest of all its titles is that of *Omnium Urbis et Orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput*.

If you want examples of the early Roman type of church there is Santa Sabina, peacefully situated on the brow of the Aventine, with its simple and attractive interior lines. Or Santa Maria in Cosmedin, surviving now after many centuries, as it stands near a bend of the Tiber where was once

the *Forum Boarium*, the Smithfield market of ancient Rome. Or San Saba, also on the Aventine; or the lower of the two churches at San Clemente, rediscovered through the patient labors of the Irish Dominicans in the late 19th century. Passing from the simple, quiet Roman manner to the twirls and swirls, to the color and light effects of the Renaissance and baroque, there is the Gesu or, even more harmoniously, the church of Sant' Ignazio. Under side altars to right and left are the bodies of St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans, and now, since his canonization, the body of St. Robert Bellarmine. The noble lines of the church are strong enough and clear enough to support the sculptural apotheosis around the high altar, and the amazing *trompel'oeil* paintings of Brother Pozzi in the vault above the nave, in which the vault itself seems to dissolve, allowing eye and mind to soar aloft to the very courts of heaven.

Rome is unique. *Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia*: that was the principle of orthodoxy for St. Ambrose. Certainly, in Rome, you are more conscious than elsewhere of both the antiquity and the universality of the Catholic Church. Thank God, Rome has been liberated without having to suffer severe damage in the experience.



The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only.

From a U. S. Supreme Court opinion (1 June '25).



# Life Without Coupons

By CON O'CONNELL

Condensed from the *Far East*\*

"A cow is half the living"

**Necessity** is the mother of invention, as a war-plagued world has come to realize. The missionary priest in China has his wartime problems, and many are connected with food and clothing.

During the last five years, China's imports of foodstuffs and winter clothing have been scant. Few priests can adopt a completely native diet; lucky ones who can are blessed with an iron constitution. Before the war, canned and dried foods could be obtained easily at reasonable prices, but with the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict, they began to diminish in quantity and became too costly for the missionary. During the last three years, they have disappeared altogether.

The St. Columban priests here in Nancheng have not adopted an entirely native diet, for we still have milk, jam, tea, bread, eggs and bacon. In the fall of 1939, condensed milk was already fast disappearing and, as it is difficult to go without milk altogether, the priests began to invest their spare pocket money in cows.

Don't imagine that cattle in this country are like those at home. The cow at home is a pampered, contented animal. The cow in China is primarily a beast of burden that draws the plow through rich, loamy soil, and powers the rotary rice mill to grind the rice.

The Chinese have never paid much attention to her milk-giving powers.

We invested in our first cow and her calf in Nancheng. The owner guaranteed the cow to be a good milker. We sent our man-of-all-work to bring her and her calf home. The highways of China are now jammed with trucks. Our calf tried to hold up the traffic and died in the flower of youth. The cow arrived safely, and, although she does not give much milk, we fully realize that half a loaf is better than none.

We haven't had foreign butter for years, but even now, if you are lucky enough to live near one of the priests who have good cows, you can still enjoy the treat of buttering bread with golden, fresh, homemade butter. Three years ago, when milk was cheap, one of our priests made a miniature churn and manufactured about two and a half pounds of butter in 15 minutes. As it would take six or seven cows to produce enough cream to make that much today, the priests who make butter now can only put the leftover milk into the churn every evening.

The Sisters in Nancheng have long since initiated us into the secret of making jam. The jam varies with the seasons. During June and July excellent plum jam can be made from the ripe fruit. There is another variety during August and September, and from No-

\*St. Columban's, Perryville, Md. July, 1944.



vember to March two varieties of oranges can be used.

The pomelo, a sort of grapefruit, is quite plentiful throughout the vicariate and makes satisfactory dessert. The Chinese pear is abundant during June and July, but is a hard, dry fruit, far different from the home-grown pear. When cooked, it makes a fairly palatable dessert.

Coffee, the bracing breakfast beverage and the refreshing drink when one is tired or headachy, has become obsolete. Its taste is just a fond memory. Some priests started rationing their supplies as far back as 1939, and by brewing it only for breakfast, managed to stretch out their limited stocks until 1942. Perhaps some have the makings of a potful locked in the safe for a special visitor, but nothing less than a bishop will bring it out.

Indian tea has become just a memory also. In the tea line, however, we struck luck. Just about the time our supply of Indian tea was exhausted, and the priests were experimenting with various local varieties, only to find them so bitter and unpalatable they thought tea-drinking was out, one of the padres at the extreme end of the vicariate discovered an excellent brand of Chinese tea. It is known as *anwhei*, and was formerly in demand for the export trade. He bought a year's supply for the whole vicariate and won unanimous praise from the priests. Some of the Fathers even imagine that this new tea has a strain of coffee in it. It requires less sugar than Indian tea and is good even without milk.

Imported woolen clothing generally lasts two to three years, but we have made it serve five and six. After that length of time, even with the greatest of care, it is pretty threadbare. Woolen yarn has become scarce and very dear. However, we have found that old sweaters and socks can be unraveled, and the yarn, after boiling, can be re-knitted into sweaters and socks. We have adopted that course of action during the last few years.

Last winter, when the north winds began to blow and I felt that winter had arrived in earnest, I began to take stock of my winter clothing. I examined an old battered and tattered sweater, and concluded that it would do very well for a scarecrow. I didn't give up hope, however, and after a 20-minute search, unearthed two pair of useless black socks with uppers intact, and a torn scarf.

I took these and the tattered sweater to a Catholic woman who is an expert knitter. A week later, she returned the sweater, without sleeves, but completely mended. She also brought the welcome news that she was knitting a pair of socks for me with the remaining yarn.

In the matter of winter clothing, there prevails a generous give and take among the priests. Those who are well supplied with winter socks are only too glad to give a pair or two to the needy ones. One of the sockless priests may have two winter overcoats and gives one to the Father whose coat is worn out.

Nearly all the priests who live on or

near motor roads still have bicycles, and even though dented and antiquated, each owner regards his as precious. Without it you have the alternative of travelers in China a century ago. You can either walk or hire a chair. Some more muscular and energetic priests might enjoy a long walk, but even they would consider anything more than 20 miles a bit hard on the feet.

The other possibility, the chair, long ago became too expensive. Furthermore, it is too slow for a sick call, and in winter weather it is a suicidal experience. So the happy owner of a good bicycle feels independent, come rain, hail or shine.

Traveling by bus is not expedient, for owing to the scarcity of gas, they are few, always packed, and too expensive. We have two bicycles in our Kwangchang mission station. Although they have been used constantly for eight years, they are still in fair condition. Mine is a hybrid: half German and half English; the wheels, seat and bell are German, the rest English, but as a combination they have worked smoothly.

Most of the priests who own bicycles have, like myself, become expert mechanics, and we all fervently hope that our precious though battered bikes will last until we can get new ones from abroad.



## Study Club for Mothers

By AULEEN BORDEAUX EBERHARDT

Bending the twigs

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

One of the most unusual organizations of women is the Catholic Mothers' Study Clubs of Dubuque, Iowa, whose members have demonstrated, over a three-year period, that their program of recreation, nutrition, character building, child health, and religion can solve many domestic problems. The personnel of the four circles that make up the study clubs is composed of mothers of growing children, who meet on regular evenings each month,

to discuss problems that arise in the day-to-day rearing of children, to study methods of coping with them, and to read papers dealing with varied phases of child welfare.

Since their organization, the clubs have existed without a treasury. There are no dues. Each member pays her respective share of the expense connected with the children's parties and gatherings that are a regular feature of the child-recreation program. The clubs

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. August, 1944.

have been lauded by the highest Catholic authorities; they have received praise from the White House; and their achievements have been publicized in leading newspapers. All four circles are filled to capacity and have a waiting list for membership.

Late in 1940, a number of Catholic mothers who were guests at a party began a discussion of the possibility of war. Looking far into the future, they visualized the health situation, the food problems, and the letdown of discipline that comes as a result of war. They decided to meet the situation by forming a group of mothers who could study and discuss the problems connected with the rearing of a family. The original group was made up of 20 mothers who banded together into Our Lady's Circle. Three other circles were formed shortly afterwards, St. Anne's, St. Monica's, and St. Margaret's. The first meeting was held early in 1941.

As the food situation was then beginning to look dark, much stress was placed upon the study of nutrition. So far in advance of the times were those young mothers, where the knowledge of nutrition was concerned, that two months before the national food conference held in Washington in May, 1941, made people vitamin conscious, the Dubuque mothers not only knew about the importance of thiamine, niacin and riboflavin in the daily diet, but had put their studies into practice in their own homes!

Two years before victory gardening became a must for the average family,

the club members were gardening, and knew that the planting of seeds suitable to their locality was the secret of success with vegetables.

Two years before the housewives of the country realized the grave importance of everyone doing home canning, the Dubuque mothers were experts. Proof of their prowess was shown in the fall of 1943, when three members won first place in a city-wide food preservation contest, carrying off the blue ribbons and \$25 war bonds for the best entries in the fruit, variety, and full-meal divisions. The entry of 64 different kinds of home-canned food (which won the variety prize) by a youthful mother was a nine-day wonder in Dubuque.

The study-club members were geared to meet the rationing of canned vegetables and meats through advance study on how to make use of substitutes and leftovers. At present, the mothers are conserving fats by conscientiously making use of them in their everyday cooking, and by setting aside waste greases for government use.

One of the outstanding contributions to community betterment on the part of circle members was their practical application of religion to everyday life. From the very first, their policy has been to stress religion in character building. Children are taught to be truthful, honest, pure, obedient, kind, unselfish, because those characteristics are pleasing to God. The positive form of persuading children to be good from the highest of all motives, love of God,

has been found to be the most effective method of controlling the behavior of boys and girls.

The religious program of the circles includes a study of discipline, with emphasis placed upon the middle way, not too strict, not too lenient. The attitude of parents toward children, as well as the attitude of children toward parents, is another part of the character-development study of the clubs.

In August, 1943, when the polio epidemic swept the nation, members withdrew their children from contact with others and urged mothers in their neighborhoods to do likewise two full days before the city-wide isolation of all children under 16 years. At subsequent meetings of the circles, the Kenny method of treating infantile paralysis was demonstrated.

Whenever a childhood disease is rampant, all mothers in the circles are reached through chain telephone communications, and thereafter during the danger period keep their pre-school children from contact with other youngsters and take precautions to safeguard the boys and girls going to school. Through an intensive study of child health, the mothers knew how to care for practically every childhood disease. What is more important, their study has enabled them to detect symptoms, and to keep their own children from being exposed.

Rigid adherence to the rule of consulting a physician within the first 24 hours of a child's illness has cut down sickness to a considerable extent. Inoculation and various other methods

of preventing sickness among children are conscientiously observed.

The vacation program of the circles is based on the clubs' slogan: "Mothers must know where their children are and with whom they are playing." Starting with the first day of vacation, circle members have a program of back-yard play, of hikes, picnics, exchange parties, playground activities, all supervised by one or more mothers. There is likewise a victory-garden project, where even small children have a corner for themselves in which they may plant seeds and tend their own vegetables.

Lastly, there is a period of work, and this, too, includes small and large children, with duties in accordance with their ages. Little folk help dust the legs of chairs and tables, and do corners and steps. Older boys and girls help with the dishes, set table. Still older children mow lawns, scrub porches, clean basements, and the like. Children from five to 12 engage in collecting scrap and waste fats. The mothers act on the principle that children enjoy their play after work.

Religion is made a part of the daily life of the child during vacation, when he is away from the influence of the parochial school. Many mothers attend daily Mass with their children. In a number of instances non-Catholic children have asked to go along to church and to take part in the fun of the walk home.

The mothers believe that a solution of the juvenile problem lies in a well-balanced, year-round program of par-

ent-child recreation. In addition to the summer activities, the circle members have sponsored a number of recreational projects that have held the interest of growing children at a high pitch.

A favorite project is a family roller-skating party, with 60 or 70 parents and children renting a hall for the evening, from seven until 10. Sandwiches and pop are served by the mothers to give the party touch to the evening.

Sleigh-riding parties for winter evenings, wiener roasts at the end of spring hikes, swimming meets for summer are other projects in which circle members have participated.

The mothers sincerely believe they are responsible, to a great extent, for the character development of their boys and girls. They believe that if they do their duty conscientiously they will help their children become good citizens, regardless of the commotion of war days and the tremendous temptations that face the young. To this end, mothers supervise radio programs, selecting only those they know are not harmful. Comic books, with few ex-

ceptions, are banned, and worth-while stories substituted.

Members of the study clubs have often been asked if their program may be used by other organizations and groups. The answer is always yes. Indeed, there are similar groups now functioning in a number of cities. Former members of the circles who have left Dubuque have started mothers' clubs in their new localities. Other groups have been started through newspaper publicity.

All that is necessary to form a club is to make use of the vast amount of information sent out in the bulletins of the National Council of Catholic Women, to scan Catholic magazines and newspapers carefully, to read Catholic authors for the religious part of the program. Other information may be secured from the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.; from city health officials and directors; from recreation supervisors; from public libraries; from current magazines devoted to the problems of children.



### Perhaps

I like to think that Hitler did not lay violent hands on the Vicar of Christ because he was not quite that bad. In every man there is some good. In the pages of history still to be written Hitler will take up many a page. It will all be bad. As we see it, the man has more blood on his hands than Timur the Great, or Nero, or even the Turks. The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones. But God remembers it. I would like to think that when the German faces his Maker to answer for the awfulness of his life, he will be able to point to the sad, white figure of Pius XII. In the mercy of God, Pius may save him.

Thomas H. Moore, S.J., in the *Founder* (July '44).



# Promise of Life

By OWEN COSGRIFF

Condensed from the *Monstrance*\*

**Sergeant** West was an English gunner. Casualties were plentiful the morning I met him. I was just going among them, anointing one here, and another there, when I was distracted by a halting, loud, vibrant voice, coming certainly from one who was suffering a good bit. The voice was saying this: "O, crucified Christ! help me in my agony. Remember those nails, and ease my tortured feet. My hands are not torn, but, dear God, how they burn. Look at my roasted body, remember those scourges, and help me in my suffering." If he had only said this prayer once, I might not have remembered it, but I heard it again and again. It did not come from some sensational, poetic dreamer, either. He was all man, six feet of solid masculinity.

There were four other members of his gun crew with him. Their position had become a mass of flame after an incendiary had scored direct. The four were severely wounded, the sergeant only slightly. He pulled them out one at a time. That meant four trips into the flames, his clothing ablaze, but he had no regard for himself until he had saved the wounded. There was not much of him that escaped scorching, and some parts of him were grilled. The burned areas of his body exceeded by far the percentage beyond which medical aid is usually powerless. The

shock that should have killed him was there, too, but somehow he survived it.

When I gave him the last sacraments, he showed a familiarity with prayer that comes only with plenty of practice. He knew all the prayers before Communion, and the thanksgiving, too. He could talk to the Christ he had received in the Blessed Sacrament with the assurance that results from lifelong friendship. Probably, the fruitful reception of the Blessed Sacrament did more than anything else to compose him, and allay the effects of shock.

"Am I going to live, Father?" he asked me.

I never did like that question in the army. It is different in civilian life where dying people are in the sunset of life, or even if they are not, still have their loved ones around them. The soldier is thousands of miles from home. He is stricken when his magnificent manhood is at his best. His thoughts go to those he loved so well, who will soon be grief-stricken—bereaved parents, wife, friends.

Could I have said what I thought to be the truth—that the end was near? Would it have been fair, if I had contradicted medical opinion to assure him, groundlessly, that he would survive? I slipped through the dilemma by asking another question, "Do you want to live?"

\**St. Francis' Presbytery, Lonsdale St., Melbourne, C. 1, Vic., Australia, July, 1944.*

"Yes, Father, I want to live."

"Very well, make up your mind that you will live, and, if you try hard enough, you have an excellent chance."

"Will you help me to live, Father?"

I thought that he would want me to read him books, or tell an occasional yarn, so I agreed with alacrity to do everything he could want. But his reply showed me up as lacking judgment, and something else, too. "All right then, I will live, but you must bring me Communion every morning." I, the most humbled bloke in the world, agreed to that request. I knew then that brave as West was, his faith was beyond his bravery, and he would take no small amount of killing.

So, there it was again, the test of faith we saw so often in war, the exercise of faith called upon to do more than just move a few mountains. Here was a man, who according to all the medical tenets would soon die. Against that accurate opinion West stacked his faith, his confidence that the God in whom he trusted would save him, provided he trusted hard enough.

I often thought of Job during West's week. It is all very well to make a stern resolution in a moment of elation, but to stick to it through hour after hour of unrelenting agony called for courage that was both continuous and never weakening during the days and nights of a week of unrelenting agony. His body was black from the dye that had been applied to the burns. The scorched skin became stiff as a board, and his eyes were unseeing under immobile lids. After the third day the skin crack-

ed wherever it folded and from cracks came gallons of pus and an almost unbearable stench. He was in pain all the time, and to add to the agony, there was such incessant bombing that there was no peace day nor night, no sleep, no comfort. A black, naked, tortured body, lying on a mattress under a mosquito net, and all the time he never ceased his prayers.

Every morning I brought Holy Communion to him. He could not see but he always knew when I was coming. Occasionally, during those days, he would say, "Father, I can't keep it up any longer. I want to ask God to take me." Then I would ask him to suffer a bit longer, to offer his agony for the souls in purgatory, for his own sins, and the sins of the world. He never failed to respond.

The doctors were amazed that he kept on living. They did everything in their power to relieve his sufferings, with the regret that there was so little that could be done. Many times as I looked at him in his pitiable condition, I regretted my instigation of this heroic attempt to live against such tremendous odds. Often as I exhorted him to stick to it, I knew that if I had been in his plight I would have long since ceased to fight. It was a mercy that his eyes were closed. Otherwise, he would have been appalled at the shocking condition of his body, and the pity in the faces of those who saw him.

But there was the other side, too. Whenever I brought Holy Communion to this hero, I thought what a pity it was that the whole world could not

witness the spectacle of the ruined remnant of war receiving the Blessed Eucharist with such outstanding devotion. It was our big moment for the day. I looked forward to it as much as West did, and there were many who saw and wondered at the fact that, despite everything else tried, the only alleviation of pain, the solitary joy in such agonized misery, was Holy Communion.

Each morning he had the same greeting for me, "Father I want to go to confession this morning. All last night I was tempted to lose faith." However, I never allowed him to go to confession. He had to be taught to ridicule the devil who was tempting him.

So Sergeant West lived through the week in which he should have died. What saved him? Not medical aid, because he was beyond its compass; not nursing, because we had no nurses; and, although the nursing orderlies, overworked as they were, still did the superhuman, they were not skilled; nor was it quiet nor rest, as he had neither.

"All right then, I will live, but you

must bring me Communion every morning." That was his promise in the beginning. Without that daily reception of the Blessed Eucharist, he would have died. He had magnificent will power, but it was not enough. It had to be supercharged with an unshakeable faith in his Redeemer. There was no relaxation of his sufferings because he was a daily Communicant, but he received from the practice what was necessary to endure the worst that pain could do.

One morning I went to see him and he had gone. The man who, according to all authoritative standards, should have gone on the sad trip to the Tobruk cemetery had gone instead to convalescence at Alexandria.

Only once have I heard of him since. I heard that he had been recommended for a V. C. Maybe he did not get the reward, but he has a much better reward coming to him. The fulfillment of his promise to live through the Blessed Eucharist makes the other promise look pretty good: "If any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever, and the Bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world."



### Brilliant

Monsignor Sheen spoke at a hotel and slipped into the coffee shop for a bite to eat, wearing the flowing scarlet cape in which he invariably appears on the lecture platform. The flip young waitress, after serving five other customers, at last turned to the monsignor and looked him up and down. "Well," she chirped, "Well, cock robin, what will you have?"

Fulton J. Sheen quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (13 May '44).

# Introduction to the Chinese Language

By SHAO CHANG LEE

A thousand signs

Condensed from the *China Monthly*\*

One who wants to learn Chinese is sometimes told that it takes from 10 to 50 years to become acquainted with all the 44,000 characters in the language.

In spite of that false alarm, written Chinese must be learned, for it is not only one of the oldest and most fascinating systems of writing but also "one of the most interesting ways of expressing human thought today." It still serves as the literary language of the Koreans, the Japanese, and the Annamese, as well as of the Chinese themselves. It is indeed a written medium of communication used by more people than any other system of writing.

Since the inauguration of the Chinese Renaissance, which began in Peking in 1917 as a "literary revolution," the Chinese system of writing has been thoroughly analyzed, and from it has been derived a workable popular language. In recent years this popular form had demonstrated itself as one of the most effective unifying forces in China and the most convenient medium for the introduction of new knowledge to the people. Since in it the Chinese can express themselves more freely, adequately, and accurately than ever before, it is called "the living language of the living people." Because of its simplicity, it is universally known as *Pai hua* or "plain language."

Since 1920 its place as the national language or *Kuo Yu* of China has been firmly established.

*Kuo Yu* is really a new Chinese system of both writing and speech. In it we find a working vocabulary of not more than 5,000 different characters or words, as may be seen in the fonts of type of the largest newspapers. Of the 5,000 characters, about half are in common use and about 1,500 are in frequent use. From the 1,500 different characters, the leaders of the Mass Education Movement in China have selected 1,000, developing on this basis what they call the "foundation character system" to be used as the tool in the education of illiterates. This tool has proved itself most effective.

Based upon the foundation character system, several sets of 1,000-character lessons have been prepared for mass educational campaigns. Volunteer teachers have been trained to teach the children of the poor. Experiments by those teachers show that the time required for an illiterate to learn the 1,000 most frequently used characters is "only four months of classroom work of an average of one hour each week day, or an average total of 96 hours." The experiments also show that after the mastery of the 1,000 characters (which can be used in a number of combinations to express new ideas),

\*1819 Broadway, New York City, 23. July-August, 1944.

the learner is "able to write simple letters, keep accounts, and read *Pai hua* literature intelligently."

Some occidental students who have taken up the study of Chinese have found that for ordinary reading and writing, it is not necessary to become acquainted with all the 44,000 characters in the great K'ang Hsi dictionary. They have discovered that it takes only two years to master the intricacies of some 2,000 characters that are sufficient for the ordinary writing and speech needs of even well-educated persons.

The Chinese version of the New Testament, from the beginning of the Gospel according to St. Matthew to the end of the Book of Revelation, is printed with not more than 2,200 separate and distinct characters. News items, editorials, articles, short stories, long novels and textbooks as well as treatises on philosophy and other subjects are printed today with this limited number of characters.

Thirty years ago a Chinese scholar studying in America invented a Chinese typewriter which contained all the characters necessary for writing. The machine was first made in 1919. The latest model is not much bigger than an ordinary American typewriter. On it are found some 2,550 characters, the

size of each being a little larger than that of an 18-point capital letter in English printing type. A typist who has mastered the technique of operating it can write as fast with it as with any English typewriter.

The characters are admittedly conventionalized symbols of a sign language. But this sign language has its advantages. For one thing, it can be read by persons of any tongue, as is true of the Arabic figures and the algebraic and astronomical signs. It fulfills, in a sense, the dream of certain thinkers like Sir Donald Ross, noted scholar of contemporary England, who would like to create "a system of written signs independent of spoken languages, free from their nationalistic diversity and their variations in space and time, and capable, therefore, of expressing the ideas of different peoples in identical and mutually intelligible ways." Because the Chinese system can be read independently of any spoken tongue, it has become the international language in the Far East. In its present form, it is the living language of the Chinese people. To any student who studies it with interest and effort, it opens a fascinating new field in the expression of human thought.



## Good Morning

A man entered a drugstore one bright Sunday morning recently and asked change for a dime. "Here you are," said the druggist pleasantly, "two nickels, and I hope you enjoy the sermon."

Dr. Harry Taylor quoted in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.



# The Big Book on the Altar

What is in it

**Suppose** we look at the title page of that big book on the altar. It bears witness of a long, long history:

The Roman Missal

Restored by Decree of the Sacred  
Council of Trent

Published by Order of St. Pius V  
Supreme Pontiff

Revised at the Instance of Other Popes

Reformed by Pius X

Promulgated by the Authority of  
Benedict XV

Prior to the 16th century, no Mass book had ever been published by the Holy See as of obligatory use in the Latin West. But, by the very force of papal prestige, the Mass book used at Rome had a handicap no local compilations could compete with. Before the introduction of printing, the missal used at Rome was hardly the very same in any ten copies: all that was really uniform was the text of the Canon of the Mass, by which we mean the part from the Preface to the Pater Noster. The calendar, the rubrics, the Ordinary of the Mass before and after the Canon, the saints' Masses, the votive Masses, all were first standardized for Rome itself by St. Pius V in 1570. In accord with the wishes of the Tridentine Fathers, Pius decreed for Latin

By GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

Condensed from *America*\*

Christendom as follows: places and Religious Orders that had authorized usages for 200 years or more were to be allowed to retain them; but for all others this Pian missal, as it was called, was to become the universal norm. In practice, most localities and Orders adopted the new missal, but a few dioceses and some monastic groups have retained their own.

The title page states that the missal of Pius V was "restored" in obedience to a decree of the great reforming Council of Trent. This restoration, besides textual correction, was mostly on the side of a sober pruning away of the ivy with which the sung parts had latterly become overgrown. A favorite musicians' device was the interpolating, or "farcining," of the sung texts, as indicated by the bracketed words in this line of a Kyrie:

*Kyrie [luminis fons, rerumque Conditor], eleison!* (Lord [Fountain of Light, creation's Maker] have mercy!)

The Gloria and other parts had been subjected to similar additions, and these by diligent scissor work were all excised. In the same direction was the drastic reduction of Sequences and Prefaces. But what stood behind the bulky books the curial scholars had pruned?

Foreign as the notion may seem to us now, the Mass rite of primitive

\*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. July 15, 1944.

Christianity was the solemn high Mass, and the celebrant's parts were extemporized! In selecting the clergy, especially the bishops, no little weight was given to capacity to create noble and elevating prayer forms. Thus the celebrant needed no book at all as long as his forms were fashioned extempore. True, the deacon needed the Gospel passages, and these were set out in a sizable volume known as the Evangelary; the subdeacon needed the Epistles and Prophecies, all set out in orderly fashion in a still thicker volume known as the Epistolary; while the chanters needed the Psalter, which they called in its special arrangement the Gradual, the bulkiest of all.

These Scripture extracts have this most interesting feature, that the Epistles and Gospels are drawn from the Latin Vulgate as edited by St. Jerome, but the Psalms are those of the more ancient *Itala Vetus* version. The story is told, I know not on what authority, that the people knew and sang the older version of the Psalms, and resisted the introduction of the "new" text, even as edited by St. Jerome. But for the celebrant, too, it was soon found preferable not to depend on forms composed on the spur of the moment. The celebrant's book was the Sacramentary, and it was the thinnest of the lot, since it embodied for each Mass only a brief Collect, a Silent Prayer and a Post-Communion in addition to the now fixed Canon of the Mass. So matters stood about the year 600.

The gradual changeover to low Mass

as the common form of Mass involved the celebrant's "doubling in brass" to the extent that he impersonated the choristers in reading their parts, the subdeacon in reading the Epistle, the deacon in reading the Gospel. And that, of course, necessitated embodying everything in one big volume, which was henceforth called a full missal, or simply a missal. What is here sketched in a few sentences took centuries to work out, but by the 12th century the missal had swallowed all the other sanctuary books.

The contents of the missal fall into two main divisions, called respectively the Temporal Cycle and the Sanctoral Cycle. The Temporal Cycle, in its volume just about half of the entire missal, provides the Sunday Masses for the entire year, as also for such weekdays as have a penitential, not a festal, character. Such days are the Ember days, Rogation days, weekdays of Lent.

These compositions are very justly treasured as a precious inheritance from the Church of the Fathers, but in the course of time they had been relegated into comparative disuse by feasts enjoying what we would now call a higher priority rating. Pope Pius X plainly stated that a principal aim in his reform of the missal was that "the very ancient Masses of the Sundays throughout the year and of weekdays, especially those of Lent, should be restored to their proper honor."

Next follow the Masses in honor of the saints, and of Mary, queen of all the saints, arranged according to the civil calendar, but "geared" to start at

Nov. 29, to match the opening of the Temporal Cycle on the first Sunday of Advent. Considering the thousands and thousands of saints whose memory is preserved in the Church's martyrology, the surprising thing about the Sanctoral Cycle is the very small number of saints to whom a feast is allotted in the calendar.

A working balance is struck by providing special Masses for a limited number only, and adding at the end a series of what we might call blank-check Masses, with rubrical provision enabling one to insert the name of any saint mentioned in the martyrology or authorized supplement thereto. In that way Mass can be celebrated in honor of St. Pambo, the Russian recluse; or St. Erconwald, Bishop of London; or the Welshman, St. Nwy. It is interesting in this connection that the categories of saintliness tend to become more and more differentiated. As recently as 1942, Pope Pius XII added a Mass formulary for canonized popes.

Following the saints' Masses, the missal offers what are called votive Masses, or, as we might say, wishing Masses. The first series of these are suggested as substitutes for a conventual high Mass for the different weekdays. That series remains the most popular of the votive Masses, and so it interests us to know that most of them were popularized over 1100 years ago by Alcuin, the friend and adviser of Charlemagne.

Then there are Masses for the papal coronation, for a bishop's consecration, a "rudimentary" Mass (Collect, Silent

Prayer and Post-Communion) for the occasion of priestly ordination, and the much-prized wedding Mass with its moving nuptial blessing. A Mass "against" pagans, for banishing schism, for wartime, for peace, for escaping the pestilence, for travelers, for the sick, for thanksgiving, so run the titles. These Mass forms deserve to be better known; none in the missal are more "homely," more human.

Next follow no less than 35 of a type I have just called a "rudimentary" Mass, a Mass that never grew beyond the stage at which it was inserted into the old Sacramentary, a case of arrested development now fixed with only Collect, Silent Prayer and Post-Communion. Missing are the choral parts and the Scripture readings that would round them out to the status of current full-sized Masses. Hence all these sets of prayers are serviceable now only as "fillers" for filling in a vacant chair at the prayer-feast. Many of these forms, too, are delightfully "man-made" documents in the best sense of the word. That section of the missal ends with the manifold Masses for the dead, where again the Church is tireless in multiplying forms.

The missal might be thought to end with the requiem Masses, but there is a further section that runs to a scant 100 pages more! Besides a few blessings used in connection with Mass, there is here a collection of Masses authorized for given localities, for the use of which an apostolic *indult* is required. Ten Masses in honor of our Lord, about 20 in honor of Mary, and about 40 in

honor of other saints compose the contents. Tucked in, then, where one might least expect to find it is a section providing optional and more elaborate chants. Last of all, in a separate appendix to the book is a list of Masses approved for a country or a Religious Order. When shall our missals have Masses for St. Barbara of Brooklyn, St.

Dorothy of Denver, or St. Leonard of La Crosse?

Such, then, is the missal from which priests read and sing at the holy Sacrifice. It is not in the least surprising that the laity delight in praying their Mass in the very same prayer forms that stand in stately Latin in the big book on the altar.



### Clothes Horse

Even in South Pacific jungles clothes make the man. Father William Ross, S.V.D., of Orange, N. J., a pioneer in New Guinea, decided he'd no longer need his heavy winter underwear. With a few other useless antiques, the arctic flannels were discarded in the forest.

On the next bright Sunday morning Father was at the Epistle when the congregation of dark eyes turned from the altar to a stately figure entering the church. Bartholomew Bolo, the Beau Brummel of the village, was strolling down the aisle. He made a resplendent picture, clad in white from neck to ankle, his woolly black head and dark feet offsetting the dazzling whiteness. Down to the front strode Bartholomew and made a graceful genuflection; all eyes were still on his striking person. The dapper young man sat there, erect and noble, his eyes on the altar, his mind on himself.

After he had read the Gloria, Father Ross turned to say "*Dominus vobiscum.*" The scene that met his eyes made him stare, stutter, and strangle a spontaneous outburst. Seated before him, beaming and proud, was Bartholomew Bolo splendidly adorned in his discarded winter underwear.

With difficulty Father Ross finished the Mass. When the priest had left the sanctuary, the awed congregation waited respectfully while their hero arose and strutted up the aisle with due solemnity. But the admiring throng beheld a startled Bartholomew as the man of the hour reached the door and saw it was raining. Bartholomew couldn't go home in the rain in his new summer whites. He took off his stylish garb, rolled it up under his arm, and dashed off in the rain with his summer frock protected.

W. Kane, S.V.D., in the Techny, Ill., *Seminary Bulletin* (15 Aug. '44).

# It's All Yours

Tell all the kids

By MAUREEN DALY

Condensed from the Chicago Tribune\*

**You** may have heard it before but here is that tit-for-tat, fair play, "do-unto-others" conversation done once again for the benefit of those who came in late or who weren't reading carefully the first time. It's the serious business of getting on the right mental road and developing proper living relationships with all the gals and guys you rub elbows with in high school.

As every able-minded Jackson should know, fellows and girls are given four years of going to classes, listening to teachers and digging the books in high school for just one reason: that the day you tie up your best sweater and saddle shoes in a knapsack and set out to see the world on your own, you'll be prepared. You'll have something stored up in your head. You'll be a well-organized bundle of brains with ambition to work, initiative to get started, and perseverance not to give up after the first payday. Besides being able to earn your own cakes and coffee, you'll find your own thoughts and the stimulus of exchange of thoughts with other smart operators worth all the time you spent listening and learning in school. That's the main reason you set four years aside just to get "droolin' with schoolin'."

And then there's another reason, a king-sized argument for making the most of the time allotted. In high

school, you get four years of day-by-day practice in the fine art of winning friends and influencing datable honeychiles. You get experience in meeting different types, temperaments and personalities, and experience in finding out how *you* stack up with them.

Maybe the Joe who sits next to you in study hall doesn't like your current choice of dream gal. He doesn't get rough about it, but just suggests that he likes his girl tall, slim, and red-headed, while your honeychile is short and blond. Well, each man to his own choice; that's no reason to start feuding! Or maybe your English teacher is a Dickens and Thackeray enthusiast while you are an out-and-out fan of western stories and light detective fiction. That's not an insurmountable problem, is it? Maybe you can swap a little *Oliver Twist* for a Craig Rice opus sometime and come out seeing eye to eye. Or maybe your crowd is swooning over T. Dorsey and you're holding out for the mellow magic of Harry James—so what? Maybe someone else collects Les Brown recordings—you can all be right, can't you? It takes all kinds of people to make a world and you've got to learn to get along with all of them; that's one reason you are in high school.

You've got to learn to be honest in

\*Chicago, Ill. July 23, 1944.



your thinking. Maybe you don't like certain things about certain people; so you put the finger on them as just not being your kind. Perhaps you're a gal with snobbish ideas; you know a particular hunk of man who might be interesting to date or have as a friend; but he lives on the wrong side of the street; his father never went to college; and his family doesn't have the required amount of happy folding lettuce. In all other ways he's a fine fellow, but. . . . So you cross him off your social list. Or maybe you're a lucky chap who's especially intelligent. Nothing *you* did, of course, but learning just comes naturally. So you go high hat intellectually. You have no time, conversation or consideration for those Jills and Jacksons whose mothers and dads don't talk about Proust at the breakfast table nor give their children leather-bound copies of *Winnie the Pooh* while still in kindergarten.

Or maybe your prejudices are of a more serious and off-the-cob nature. You don't like people who come from a certain neighborhood, look a certain way or talk with a certain accent. You don't like them because they eat garlic in their soup, have stew with carrots and potatoes twice a week, or buy their bread in loaves with crosses on the top. You don't care for them because their everyday conversation has a foreign

touch, because they are second-generation Americans and still have an inherent attachment for the land from which they came. Or you don't like them because of the curl in their hair, the shade of their skin or the shape of their noses. You don't stop to figure out what you really feel but prejudice jumps you to the conclusion that they are "different" from you.

Maybe your opinions are just the secondhand opinions of the thoughtless adults who talk too easily, who hand you the con that one nationality is better than another; but if you're on the ball you will realize that such empty chatter is just a lot of conversation. It is often motivated by a kind of jealousy or inferiority complex, a feeling that the people gossiped about might really be superior in talents or ability. Any smart Joe knows how to judge another fellow: solely by what the other fellow himself is worth. If you find a friend you can admire, trust and work with, what's the difference if he might have four eyes, blue hair, talk pig Latin and have a grandmother born in Brooklyn—you're friends, aren't you?

So be sure you get your thinking straight. You've got four long years to figure it out for yourself and get on the ball. Twenty years from now this world will be all yours; just make sure it's the kind of place you want it to be.



Children may tear up a house, but they can never break up a home.

St. Jerome's Bulletin (30 July '44).

# Jungle Saints

The seed on fertile ground

By SGT. LOUIS J. MALOOF, USMC

Condensed from the *Magnificat*\*

If secular historians of this war fail to record the unexpected though heroic part Catholic missionaries and their loyal natives have played in this great fight, thousands of non-Catholic servicemen will register resounding protests. American boys have never before had so vivid a demonstration of the catholicity of the Church. A blessing of this war came to them in the crossing of paths in the heart of the wilderness with the jungle saints of God. The friendliness of Christian natives, who risk even the destruction of homes and villages to help Americans, is a lasting tribute to the work of Catholic missionaries.

Simple and devout people, essentially Catholic, have been brought from savagery to knowledge of eternal salvation by the patient, self-sacrificing labors of heroic men and women. When the natives learn that Mass will be offered near by, they are the first there, not one or two, but all, and on time.

A South Sea Islander approached Chaplain Denelfo one morning, for confession. A few natives had made false claims to Catholicism, and Father Denelfo decided to let the islander's manner of confessing be the test. But before the native confessed, he asked the chaplain, "Are you a Catholic priest?"

"Yes."

"Do you say Mass in Latin?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in the infallibility of the pope?"

"Yes!"

Satisfied, the native made his confession, complete and correct as that of any theologian. After Mass, he brought his brothers and friends to see the padre. "It was a wonderful and vivid illustration of the universality of the Church," Father Denelfo said, "to see American soldiers of different nationalities kneel at the Communion rail with these native boys."

In the heart of the South Pacific, some 10,000 miles away from home, the chaplains insisted that Chaplain John P. McGuire's silver jubilee of ordination be celebrated with a solemn high mass. But where? The natives prepared a chapel, lifting the side of a mountain and transplanting it. Verdant foliage hid the white walls of the chapel, brightened by a profusion of flowers and streamers. The little sanctuary had an arch of greens erected between the pillars, crowned by hand-carved totems. The entire building was transformed into a bower of tree ferns and banana leaves entwined with roses, lilies, hibiscus, cactus, bougainvillea and strawflowers. Native boys in cardinal cassocks served as acolytes and thurifer. The music was directed by

\*131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. July, 1944.

two sergeants and the native congregation joined in the familiar Gregorian chant and responses, while a Rhode Island choir, composed of four soldiers, sang, the *Mass of the Angels*. After Mass Father McGuire spoke in English and French. Breakfast was served in the village school. Then the chief led a group of children in singing the *Marseillaise*, followed by a surprising "Hip! Hip! Hooray!" in the American manner. Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament continued throughout the day and the jubilee ended with Benediction and night prayers.

A platoon of armed soldiers was sent to scout a near-by island. With it went Chaplain John E. Leonard, of Brooklyn. A native volunteered as guide. The journey took the group through a seemingly deserted village. During the rest period, Father Leonard asked the native if any Catholics lived there.

"We are all Catholics," the native replied proudly.

"I am a Catholic priest," the chaplain informed him.

Upon realizing what the chaplain had said, the native put down his gun, took Father Leonard's hand and covered it with kisses. Then he ordered an about face back to the village where he cried out excitedly: "Priest! Priest!"

Out of nowhere, it seemed, hundreds of natives came running to form a long line, each waiting his or her turn to kiss the padre's hand and receive his blessing. Imagine the astonishment of non-Catholic soldiers witnessing this demonstration of love and respect for the Catholic priesthood! The natives

wanted to know when Father would be able to say Mass and bring them medals, rosaries and prayer books; for it had been six months since Father McMahon, a Canadian missionary, had taught them some English, rehearsed them in Latin prayers, and appointed one of them to baptize infants soon after birth. But he and a native had been taken prisoner by the Japanese. He had engineered the native's escape through the jungle but was himself tortured and killed.

A sentry was posted to announce Father Leonard's arrival when he returned to the island alone two days later. Within an hour, natives were summoned from all corners of the area. The youngest were infants, the oldest seemingly ageless. He ministered to their spiritual needs and enrolled them all in the miraculous medal. Even though they had not had Mass for months, their altar was kept spotlessly clean, and adorned with freshly cut flowers daily. Over the altar hung their treasure, a huge picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The natives usually wear only a loin cloth, but before entering chapel for confession, they scurried around and found cloth to cover the whole body. Combining English, Latin and French, Father Leonard was able to hear their confessions. At Mass, the chapel was crowded, men on one side, women and children on the other, a custom which is most often seen among the Uniate Christians of the Near East. The entire congregation sang the Gloria without musical accompaniment, their Latin

pronunciation perfect—sang it so beautifully that tears welled into the eyes of the priest. They listened intently as he gave a short sermon after Mass. It was like preaching to a group of saints, he said. Not one left the chapel until 20 minutes of post-Communion prayers were recited in common.

Father Leonard also visited the sick, among them a 91-year-old woman, crippled in both legs. She was happy because Mass had again been said on the island. Later, each family made an offering of watermelons, pineapples, cocoanuts, oranges, and bananas. A holiday was proclaimed. The women formed a large circle on the beach, entertaining for two hours with their native songs. The men asked the priest many questions about America, and were amazed to hear that Americans could attend Mass daily.

Chaplain William D. Dooley is impressed with the hospitality extended by priests and nuns of a Marist mission about 200 miles from his camp, where it "was odd and a pleasure to hear Irish brogue away out here, another proof of how much Ireland has spread the faith." Still another chaplain said that the zeal and poverty of the Picpus Fathers on a lonely station almost 1,000 miles from their nearest neighbor was "most edifying and makes one a bit ashamed of comforts that are ours." He told of one poor missionary embarrassed at not being able to invite him to dinner, his daily fare being that of the Maori natives. "No need to tell you of my joy in being able to take him to dinner instead, to a good old Army

meal, one fit for any man, and for him a banquet. Thank God, now that the soldiers are there, he will fare better, as they instinctively will sense his needs and get things to him. God bless 'em again." Yes; our American boys know the missionaries now, and they will get things to them, not now only, but in days to come. God himself has placed the floodlights of this earthly stage upon his missionaries and is showing our boys far greater stories of romance than Shakespeare ever wrote, or Hollywood ever produced. He is showing them the great story of love, the Catholic Church.

Not least among those who learned to appreciate the missionaries and their native Christians was Maj. Joe Foss, who shot down 26 Jap planes over Guadalcanal. When Major Foss went down near one of the islands, Catholic natives manned their canoes to rescue the pilot from alligator-infested waters—to capture him, if Japanese, welcome him, if American. "That night, I slept in a Catholic mission and had a dinner with fresh steak, yams, and goat's milk," said the air ace. "In the evening, I sat around talking to the padres. The next morning I woke up to hear singing. It came from the church; it was Sunday."

Before the war, a non-Catholic captain had "no use" for missionaries. One day he told Chaplain James E. Dunford, "I am a Protestant. I never had any use for the missionaries. I thought they never were any good. But when I went to Guadalcanal I met Father de Klerk, the bravest man I ever saw. And

what devotion his natives had for him! Take this \$20 bill for the missions."

On a South Pacific island, twice weekly, officers noticed that certain soldiers just disappeared during free time and were nowhere to be found. Even the Protestant chaplain took to disappearing with the men. It was later discovered that they went to visit the missionary nuns who conducted a school near by for native children. The soldiers mended a fence for them, did odd jobs around the building and grounds. The simple kindness, the radiant faith of those good Sisters meant much to boys thousands of miles from home. Chatting with the nuns, writing letters and reading books at the school, made them happy in the midst of war.

On another island the mother superior of a convent and orphanage remembers each serviceman who receives Communion. After Mass, she waits on the front steps and invites him to the orphanage, usually to find a breakfast of bacon and eggs and all the coffee he can drink. "The coffee, of course, is not rationed, but how she gets the eggs and bacon for those crowds is a mystery," remarked Chaplain Strahan.

Sgt. Robert Moore of a signal air-warning battalion in the Southwest Pacific praised the missionaries in a letter to his mother in Baltimore. An Army chaplain with his unit found the natives clinging to their faith even though their priest had been taken prisoner by the Japanese. Two native boys had hidden the vestments and sacred vessels: "Last week our chaplain and the two boys recovered the sacred things and

used them last Sunday evening at Mass and Benediction. The vestments had retained their color and the monstrance and ciborium were as beautiful as ever. That particular Mass and Benediction were to me the most beautiful ceremonies I have ever attended. I have been attending all the services I can because now, in Lent, over here, is an excellent time to see and realize what this season in the Church really is."

Eighteen Catholic missionaries worked as Japanese prisoners in a southern Korean province from December, 1941, to June, 1942. For two months, they tilled a six-acre field, felled trees daily, and sawed logs. One was Father Edward Barron, a Maryknoll missionary. After a taste of slavery and a revolting diet of fish, millet and rice, most persons would remain away from anything that might draw them back into Japanese hands. But Father Barron, upon his release, became a Navy chaplain and was soon back in the battle zone. Among his companions, Father John J. Daly, another Maryknoll missionary, later became a Navy chaplain. Father Barron was sent to the International Recreation Grounds in Kobe, where he learned of the damage the Doolittle raid did to Tokyo. He said the Japanese apprehension was so great for a while that the guards quickly changed their attitude and did not seem able to do enough for them. On seven different occasions, during Father Barron's stay in Kobe, the Japanese newspapers had the American Pacific fleet sunk, and never once was a Japanese defeat mentioned.



Father John B. Callan, a third Maryknoller, as a Japanese prisoner witnessed the fall of Hong Kong. In China since 1931, Father Callan experienced Japanese bombings almost daily for three years, near his mission at Hingning, Ewangtung province. Japanese soldiers surrounded Maryknoll House in Hong Kong on Christmas day, 1941, searched the priests and killed a group of English and Canadian refugees sheltered at the mission. Many were bayoneted. He said the atrocities defy description. But Father Callan also became a Navy chaplain, and returned to the South Pacific. What those Maryknoll priests had seen was enough to frighten the most fearless of men, but Fathers Barron, Daly and Callan, as so many other missionaries, deemed it their sacred duty to go back to conquer the minds and hearts of men, made cruel by false doctrines, and to be witnesses unto Christ, "even to the utmost part of the earth."

When spies informed the Japanese that missionaries and Catholic natives gave refuge and rendered first aid to the airmen who missed their way and were downed after the raid on Tokyo, the vindictive bombers rained death and devastation upon the offending missions and villages, killing everyone in range. Father Ronald Reeves, Canadian missionary who escaped after 42 days of flight across China, has told us the story: "Before I left China, I visited the Irish Columban Fathers' mission at Nancheng. They had cared for one U. S. wounded airman. Because of this their town was wiped out. Any

native who had not fled to the mountains was shot on the spot. Going through the ruins later, I came across the bodies of two young Chinese girl students. Through their bodies was driven a wooden stake.

"In the mission were some old people, some girls, and little children. There were about 20 priests and Bishop Patrick Cleary, Vicar Apostolic of Uancheng. The Japanese smashed everything in sight. Trying to protect the Chinese charges, the Bishop barred the way. One Japanese soldier raised his rifle to shoot the Bishop, but a young priest rushed over and shielded him with his body. Apparently moved to admire the young priest's courage, the soldier raised his rifle a bit higher and shot over his shoulders to kill the Bishop. But he missed.

"Priests and nuns were roughly handled. A mock trial was set up for the priests. Several were shot, including five Chinese priests. One nun died a few days later from shock. Perhaps the most horrible sight I have ever witnessed was the fall of Shanghai. With my own eyes I saw 12 miles of buildings burning, set afire by the Japanese. Thousands died in this holocaust. Mounds and mounds of bodies were saturated with gasoline and set afire to prevent a plague."

This, then, is a small part of the story of the jungle saints of God. They may not be decorated with the brass medals of this world for their heroism. But they have gained the everlasting gratitude of the fighting men who have come to know them.

# Tar Heel Apostle

By JOHN C. MURRETT

Beginning of great things

Condensed from the book\*

**A North** Carolina mission in the 1880's did not differ much from missions in the Orient today. The young priest would get a few months' experience in one center, while he was "finding himself." Then, almost before he knew it, he would be appointed pastor of another place. That does not mean that he had but one parish to care for, with the aid of one or more curates. More often his mission was a central church from which five to ten chapels or stations were served.

Such was Father Thomas Frederick Price's first assignment to the pastorate of Asheville after having been a few months in Wilmington. There were not more than 50 Catholics in the new parish, but the whole western section of the state, Hot Springs, Hendersonville, Morgantown, were also in his vineyard.

A priest could not have begun his apostolate in a more disappointing field. But Father Price did not think so. He felt that he knew the people of the Old North State, one of the most Protestant states in the Union; and he realized that he would meet discouragements among those who hated everything he stood for. But with an unusual strength of character and unmitigated courage, his faith was to grow stronger under adversity. He was not a weakling.

At 26, "Priest Price" was strongly, almost ruggedly, built, of medium height, with a plain, pleasing cast of countenance beneath a high forehead. His sharp, brilliant, blue eyes were very expressive, whether flashing with some sudden thought or sparkling behind steel-rimmed glasses in boyish banter. His manner was usually engrossed, as though he were preoccupied with much that was not of this world; and even when he was a young man, there was a noticeable droop in his shoulders.

In temperament and manner, he was "as local as the tar itself." The training he had received at home and in school had equipped him to talk as easily with the educated and the landowner as with the poor farmer and sharecropper.

"Why, that Priest Price is a Tar Heel, just like ourselves!" was an encomium which the young man enjoyed. And he proved that he was one Tar Heel who never seemed to tire out.

On most of his mission journeys, he traveled on foot; in some instances he was driven around in a dilapidated buggy. On at least one occasion, he had to travel by stagecoach. He had planned, for that trip, to fill up the time with the recitation of his Office, but two elderly spinsters were the only other occupants of the coach, and they were inquisitive.

\*1944. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City. 260 pp. \$2.50.

For a long time they had been whispering behind their hands. Finally one of them leaned across and asked, "Aren't you a stranger in these yere parts?"

Father Price put his thumb in the book. "No, I'm a Tar Heel."

More whispering. "Be you a papist priest?"

"I'm a priest of the Roman Catholic Church."

This could not continue, he thought; there must be a way out. Fortunately, it came with the next question, "Is it true that you popish priests have horns?"

Solemnly the "popish priest" took off his hat and said, "Well, you see, I am only a young priest." And he pointed to a small pimple on his forehead. "Mine are just beginning to come out."

The two ladies huddled together in the far corner of the coach for the rest of the trip.

On those journeys Father Price slept anywhere and everywhere, and he ate whatever was set before him, blissfully unconscious of its quality. Not every home in North Carolina received him graciously, and, as it was natural to expect, he suffered much from bigots. One farmer not only refused him admission to his home during a storm, but when the priest sought shelter from the rain on the veranda, drove him from that haven with a gun.

Again, there was the instance of his stopping at a country store to purchase some crackers and cheese and perhaps a can of sardines. The storekeeper wrapped the package, and looked close-

ly for the first time as Father Price opened his purse to get some change to pay him.

"You Priest Price?" demanded the merchant.

"Yes, I'm Father Price."

"No sale!" said the curt storekeeper. And he reopened the package and put his goods back on the shelves.

But even those hostile ones were his people, and the Tar Heel apostle loved them. He knew their rebuffs came only from ignorance, and he had long ago determined that his life's work should be consecrated to an endeavor to banish ignorance.

He understood his people; he knew their virtues as well as their limitations at the outset, and he was certain that their innate nobility was a natural basis on which grace could build. Eventually he came to understand the mentality of the southern Protestant better perhaps than any other Catholic missionary of his time. He understood the Negroes, also, as few other priests did. Their little subterfuges might have bewildered a stranger; but not Father Price. He knew the Negroes' good points, he saw in each of them God's image, and he loved them.

Nearly every sermon Father Price preached in the Southland had good results. Hearts were touched; conviction followed. And his listeners often wondered how so busy a man ever had time enough to prepare them. The secret was this: no matter how busy he was, or how thoroughly surrounded by distractions, as a mission priest is apt to be when living with families in the

country, Father Price found time for spiritual exercises which he had never neglected since his seminary days, especially daily meditation and spiritual reading.

Added to this, he practiced severe austerities: he was accustomed to wear a steel belt next to his skin, for mortification; and there were other penances, too, in those early days. On the advice of his spiritual director, he later abandoned some of the penances, but tried to sanctify himself further by a more unswerving fidelity to his daily rule of life. And this he did without neglecting social obligations to the household whose bread he might eat. He could be absorbed in his own zealous apostolate, but seem always to be aware of the problems pressing upon those with whom he stayed.

The mission work at Goldsboro and Newton Grove was difficult and soul-trying; but the zealous young missionary cared little for hardships, provided that some results might be attained. He knew better than to suppose that he could judge results by any rule of man; he left that to God. But he had a fair number of converts in this district. The record of one of those conversions came to light not long ago, in a story from one of Father Price's former parishioners.

"In March, 1930," this lady has recorded, "I found an old white-haired Negro woman in front of the Italian church, begging. She was picturesque: bent almost double, with a cane in one hand and a bottle of holy water in the other. Perfectly willing to be engaged

in conversation, she soon told me that she was Jane Lancaster; that she had been 24 years old when Lee had surrendered; and that even before that, her mistress in North Carolina had been 'steddyin' 'bout de Cath'lics.'

"Who baptized you?" I asked.

"Father Price, at Newton Grove, me and all my chillun," she answered.

"I knew Father Price," I said.

"He's daid," she told me mournfully. 'Dey done tol' me dat he died, but of what, I doan recollect'. But I kin tell yo' how he come to die: he went over some water to baptize somebody, and he caught de pneumony, and he died. Yes, ma'am, went to baptize somebody.'"

That Father Price might spend his whole time in giving missions to non-Catholics, Bishop Haid released the young missionary from all parish responsibilities. If Father Price had been a busy priest before, he was now destined to become much busier. With time at a premium, Raleigh became his headquarters, and from that city he went to near-by towns and villages, stopping at every house, and distributing pamphlets that bore some message of the truth he wished to preach. Insults, at times, were his portion, but he took them humbly. When possible he would try to gather little groups around him to hear his message.

As a rule, a sense of fair play would secure a hearing for him; but there were occasions when he was forced to suffer much annoyance, not only from hecklers, but from others who pelted him with vegetables. During one such

demonstration, he seemed to stop for a moment to take inventory of the produce that lay about his feet.

With a naive twinkle in his eyes, he said very calmly, "Now, if I had a piece of meat to go with these, I could whip together a fine stew for myself." The audience roared, and the priest was allowed to continue his sermon.

Father Price gladly accepted such trials if he could but speak to even a manifestly hostile crowd. Yet, when he was unable to succeed in this—well, he had the grace, at least, to suffer something more for his divine Master. Where he did get a hearing, his welcome for the future was usually assured. Protestants were somewhat in awe of him at first; but as they learned to know him, they grew to like him, even to love him.

It is not surprising that in North Carolina missions for non-Catholics caused something of a sensation as well as consternation. Such a bold gesture, which, after all, was a compliment to the fair-mindedness of the Tar Heels, could yet be regarded in some quarters as a signal that Rome was about "to take over." But that never troubled the missionary, nor did it deter him in his work. He went everywhere, preaching in churches and halls where he could, but satisfied, also, when the only forum open to him was the street corner.

The Tar Heel apostle realized, however, that preaching alone was not enough: it had to be followed up by something solid, something lasting. And once more the missionary's heart and mind were on the quest for that

something. The result was this conclusion: a magazine explaining Catholic doctrine must be founded to supplement the preaching and instruction. Pamphlets and other literature had served their purpose.

In his boyhood, Fred Price had become familiar with editorial work and the business attached to the fourth estate under his editor-father; so he knew about some of its problems. The greatest question that could come up would be the old one, how to finance the magazine. There were but 800 Catholics in all North Carolina. They could not support a paper, nor could the vicariate supply funds for the enterprise.

Bishop Haid, also aware of the financial difficulties, asked Father Price, "How much money have you?"

"I've been able to scrape together \$35. That will pay for the first issue, 500 copies."

"But what about the next issue, and the next?" countered the Bishop. "Can you 'scrape together' the same amount each month?"

"Certainly," smiled the budding editor, "once it is launched."

"I know, I know," put in the Bishop. "God and our Lady. . . ."

"Yes," said Father Price, "they will keep it going."

That was not a vain hope. In April, 1897, *Truth*, destined to become a national periodical, appeared. Almost immediately, new friends began to spring up to support it.

Some of the non-Catholic Tar Heels, who received it gratis, welcomed the little magazine; others buried it, burn-



ed it, or fought it. Some of the postmasters refused to deliver it.

Before very long, *Truth's* circulation reached 12,000, but how that was accomplished still remains something of a mystery. Father Price had little time to solicit new subscriptions. The writ-

ing and editing of each issue had to be done at odd moments, in dingy railroad cars, in woodland cabins, and often late at night.

"God will provide," he wrote to one of his benefactors, "but there is more, much more for me to do yet."



## Bad Kids

### I

I am getting sick and tired of hearing so much about juvenile delinquency and reading articles, written by starry-eyed theorists, about turning young hoodlums into angels by giving them playgrounds, child centers and their own movies and dance halls, when everybody really knows that the one and only solution of the problem is for mothers to stay at home and be on their jobs.

It is the absentee mothers who are never at home when their children come from school who send their youngsters out on the street to learn its bitter wisdom, to make its contacts, and to acquire its morals and its manners. Mother has to be in a house to turn it into a home that children want to stay in. And if mother isn't there and there is no one to welcome them, or listen to their stories of what they have been doing, or to be glad to see them, they start out on the road that only too often leads to the jail or the brothel.

Dorothy Dix quoted in the *Ave Maria* (20 May '44).

### II

The motion-picture houses are being subjected to an outbreak of vandalism. The movie men say parents are so busy working or enjoying themselves that they don't want to bother with the children, send them to theaters to get rid of them.

Let's see. For years, now, Hollywood has been inflaming children's minds with lurid films; children have been encouraged to come often. It was considered good publicity when they screamed and shouted at the gangster and crime pictures. The Legion of Decency and the parent-teacher associations pointed out the danger; some few theater owners did what they could to provide suitable pictures for their child customers, but most of them decided it was too much trouble, what with block booking and the scarcity of really harmless films. So now we have a generation of children trained to think and act by the movies, and they are applying their lessons to the property of their teachers.

The Pittsburgh *Catholic* quoted in *Pax* (May '44).

# The Mystery of Woman

By DALE O'HARA

Solved

Condensed from the *Apostle*\*

**Woman is** not so mysterious. She is not even half as complicated as my wrist watch. A woman is a very simple creature: she responds to love, to religion, to beauty.

You say, "women don't respond to religion: there are thousands of atheists." Well, I don't know. Religion is a fundamental part of feminine nature. The most primitive peoples responded in some fashion to the promptings of the soul within them calling out to its Maker. They worshiped stones, animals, the sun; but they all worshiped! When they found God, their search was over.

In the majority of non-Christian women today, the fault lies not with them. Religions disappointed them, so they left without finding that religion which is complete. But their religious nature is not dead. It is dormant; and, still groping, such a woman consults astrologists, wears a lucky charm on her coat lapel, treasures beyond words an old kettle she has had for years.

Outside of the religious angle, the mystery of woman is even more simple: to love and be loved. That means, to need and be needed. That means to sacrifice for those she loves. Psychologists have a saying, "Woman is a mystery whose solution is a child."

To love and be loved. What does it mean? It means to work together, to

share happy moments and sorrow, to live together as one. It means unselfishness and sacrifice. It means children.

Work and sacrifice is part of love. Every woman in love knows that the important thing about her sweetheart is that he needs her help, encouragement in order to succeed at whatever he undertakes. Unhappy is the wife whose husband is a self-success. Look at them in Hollywood, or among the idle rich. Those traits of love, work, care, sacrifice are only fulfilled when a man and woman, made one by the sacrament of Matrimony, find the fulfillment of their love in children of their own.

There are women who will not marry, as there are men. They are exceptions, not the rule. The others, if they forgot the magazines' silly chatter: "Are you the boss in your home?" "You can be a career wife," "Don't let your husband's mentality get ahead of you," "Why be tied down with babies?" and the like—if they forgot that and concentrated on the real things of life, they would be perfectly happy.

Someone, named James H. S. Moy-nahan, said, "Which couple enjoys the more complete life, the childless pair who can sit down to a quiet, uninterrupted meal, who can count on the luxury of privacy, the balm of solitude, who can find time to keep up to date

\*P. O. Box 87, Detroit, 31, Mich. August, 1944.

on the things that feed the soul: books, music, painting, sculpture, the theater, sports, the dynamic fabric of our changing times—those, or the harried parents whose fevered round of dishes, diapers and disorders allows them leisure neither for culture, hobbies nor company?”

Notice that! I have never been accused of lacking “things that feed the soul” but if I had to devote my time to all the things he lists above, I would not have time to breathe. Keep up to date—nuts to him! I like to see a good painting, yes, but if I have to know whether it is impressionism or postimpressionism, whether it is a monochromatic or an analogous color scheme, somebody else can have it. Similarly, I like music, but I’m not interested in the new trends in symphony nor how jazz is composed, any more than the musician is interested in how I get trick endings in my short stories. He likes my stories, I like his music; that

is enough for either of us. It’s only guys like Moynahan, who don’t know what to do with themselves, who want to keep “up to date” in such a manner.

I pity Moynahan and his “childless pair.” Somebody ought to take him around a bit, show him both sides. He’ll find his childless pair very correct in speech and manners, very puppet-like in taste and dress, very dull and so tired of themselves they go maudlin over highballs. As a mechanical man is very dull because he lacks life, so a mechanical marriage is dull when it lacks life.

Women who are such “complex mysteries” are those who listen to such complete drivel. For what every man and every woman ought to know is that there is nothing complex about either one. Woman is a mystery (to twist the saying slightly) whose solution is a husband and child. Man is a mystery whose solution is a wife and child. It is as simple as that.



## EL DIGESTO CATÓLICO

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# That Guy With a Whistle

By WILLIAM T. HALLORAN  
As told to Charles F. McKivergan

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

Don't kill the umpire

"Imagine," even my closest friends sometimes say to me, "being able to watch the big football games from right out on the field and within a couple of feet of every play!"

Usually I answer, "Yes, aren't we officials the lucky ones? And imagine our being paid to do it!" That is what I say. But it's not what I'm thinking at the time, especially if the question comes up at the end of a particularly gruelling contest during which I've been concentrating so closely on each separate play that at the end I don't even know the score.

After a round quarter of a century spent in the business of football officiating, the past 15 years of which have brought me perhaps more than my fair share of assignments to the top-ranking games, I am finally prepared to state that the job of the referee in big-time football is just about the toughest job a sane guy could want. But like all the other men in white, the referees and umpires, head linesmen and field judges, who each Saturday and Sunday throughout the pigskin season risk life and limb to keep the games running smoothly, I wouldn't trade the job for any other. That goes in spite of the fact that it sometimes requires my rendering decisions that stir up plenty of emotional reaction.

Consider, for example, that Eastern Pro league game between the Washington Redskins and New York Giants. For over 59 of the 60 minutes the game unfolded itself and flowed along peacefully as a lazy river in summer. Only 45 seconds were left to play. Suddenly, Bo Russell dropped back to the 15-yard line for a field-goal attempt that would have lifted the Redskins to a 10-9 victory over the Giants. The second largest crowd in the history of professional football, a vast gathering of 62,000 fans, was tense with excitement.

I could sense the hush that settled over the Polo Grounds as the struggle for the eastern championship of the National Football league moved to a pulsating climax. Back snapped the ball to Frank Filchok, tensely crouched to place the oval on the ground. Back went Russell's right foot and forward in the arc that meant triumph or defeat. Through the gathering darkness the ball spun in its flight. Higher and higher it rose, then fell with a sodden thud in front of the clubhouse. Immediately, I waved my arms sideways in negative motion to rule that Russell had missed and that the Giants had won the right to meet the Green Bay Packers at Milwaukee the following week for the world crown.

And then it was that pandemonium

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, 7, Conn. November, 1940.

broke loose, and, though I have since regarded as slightly embroidered the stories of some reporters that I was lucky to escape with my life, I wasn't exactly happy at what followed. Now, looking back at the incident, I know that at the time I was conscious of only one thing, the play. The fact that next morning the sports writers, with no exceptions that I know of, agreed to the correctness of my decision has since strengthened my conviction that I called that one both honestly and correctly. But I don't think I'll ever cease hoping that I will never again be called on to render another decision, however just it may be, with the consequences, monetary and otherwise, of that decision. The \$50,000 decision, I believe the newspapers termed it.

There are few football referees, of course, even among the biggies, who haven't booted a decision at some time or other. My own initiation in this direction took place in 1930, seven years after I officiated at my first college game. The scene, of all places, was the Yale bowl; the contest, one between Yale and Georgia; the play, one in a decade. Indeed, it wasn't until the following day that it became generally known that I'd made an officiating error on a play so unusual that my mistake escaped the attention of my three fellow officials, the coaches and players of the two teams and, for good measure, some 50,000 spectators. Here's how it happened.

Yale kicked off to Georgia to start the second half of the game, the ball looping down to Georgia's 10-yard

line, where it was caught by Kelly, a Georgia halfback. He started to run the ball back. At about the 20-yard line, he was hit with the force of an express train by Fay Vincent, the Yale captain. The collision literally tore Kelly loose from the ball, which shot up into the air and over to the side of the field. Barres, the Yale right end, who was moving in to tackle Kelly in case Vincent missed him, caught the ball on the fly and sped with it across the Georgia goal line. I at once ruled it a touchdown, and nobody entered a protest.

All of us were befuddled by the fact that Barres had caught the ball on the fly after Kelly had run some 10 yards with it and had been tackled by another man. Under the rules existing at the time, there were two situations in which the member of a defending team could take an ownerless ball and run with it. One was when a kicked ball was blocked. The other was when a member of Team A was running with the ball from a scrimmage play and the ball bounced, or was punched, out of his hands. If a player of Team B caught it before it touched the ground, he could keep going with the ball. What fooled me was that Kelly ran an appreciable distance with the ball before he lost it and that Barres caught it before it touched the ground. It really wasn't one of the two instances where the run was allowed by the rules, but it looked so much like one of them it got by me. No appeal from the referee's decision being possible, regardless of when made, the game



went down in the book Georgia, 18, Yale, 14, instead of Georgia, 18, Yale, 7, as the score should have been.

Maybe you are now of the opinion that the job isn't really a sinecure. But, ah, you say, look at the fat fee the fellow gets for each game. Well, perhaps you'd better rid yourself of that notion, too. As for myself, I admit that the \$50 or \$75 that I'm paid for a game helps to keep the larder filled and the roof from leaking. But you can put it down in your little notebook that the officials, for the most part, care very little about the fees they collect for their services.

The majority of them have already succeeded in their business or professional careers. Football is their hobby. Nearly all were stars of the college gridiron in their day and they look forward to the three months or so each autumn when they can again feel the turf beneath their feet, hear the roars of the crowd, sniff the odors of sweat and liniment in the dressing rooms, and do their part to help improve the game and make it prosper. Walter Eckersall, popular referee in the Middle West, was one of the greatest quarterbacks of all time at Chicago. Bill Hollenbeck was a famous Pennsylvania fullback; Vic Kennard, one of the best drop-kickers ever developed at Harvard. Dave Maginnes was All-American halfback. And so on. I differ from most of them in that I never went to college. Indeed, I never played a real football game, which only goes to show, perhaps, that there is no hard-and-fast rule on how to become a referee in big-time football.

Another hurdle officials face is the annual physical checkup that eliminates the overzealous man who is not in first-class condition but who would rather die in harness than quit. There are times when any but the nimblest official would be caught in the rush of a play and, with bones more brittle than the young players', serious injury might be the result. In this respect, too, I've been lucky. I've never been hurt seriously; but I'd like to have the money I've spent over the past 25 years on bandages, adhesive tape, and liniments. Working a big game is so tough a job that several officials, approaching middle age and perhaps failing to keep in top condition, have died either during a game or shortly afterwards, something that grows less likely with the increasing demands of the strict physical examinations we are now compelled to pass.

Every once in a while somebody asks me what was the oddest play I ever saw. Looking back, I think it occurred during the Princeton-Dartmouth game in the Palmer stadium in 1935. Midway through the fourth period, with the Tigers leading by a score of, I think, 20 to 6, the two teams were lined up two yards from Dartmouth's goal line. It was third down and touchdown to go. As the Tigers snapped out of their huddle, a figure hurdled the fence in front of the stands and ran across the field with the speed of a charging Marine. Not a hand was stretched out to stop him, as he lined up at left guard just as the ball was passed.

Busy at our tasks, none of us officials saw the man. But he evidently had diagnosed the play perfectly, for he found husky Johnny Weller and stocky Homer Spofford coming directly at him as interference for White, Princeton's halfback. Somehow the spectator, who thus succumbed to a sudden impulse to help the Dartmouth team, broke up the play. At any rate, White was stopped short of the goal line. But instead of being praised for his trouble, the volunteer was unceremoniously yanked off the field by his collar and hustled out of the stadium, leaving us officials and 56,000 spectators rubbing our eyes and wondering if an eerie snowstorm hadn't provided a momentary mirage. That was one situation the rulebook didn't cover.

To get the best results, I think a referee should try to anticipate every play. If he has no idea of what is coming, he is much more likely, in my opinion, to become confused, be caught off guard, or get in the way of the play. So I familiarize myself with the styles of the different teams. When the huddle system is used, I usually am able to memorize the signals shortly after the start of the game. Then I am careful not to tip off the opposing team by any mannerism or tendency to move in definite directions. Occasionally, too, I hear things in a huddle that no fan hears.

In 1930, Notre Dame was running wild against Pennsylvania. Rumor had it that Marty Brill, the Notre Dame halfback, was being paid \$1,000 by his dad for every touchdown he made in

the game. Three times he scored on long runs. Then, with the ball on Pennsylvania's four-yard line, Frank Carideo, the Notre Dame All-American quarterback, turned to Marty. I heard him say, "How're you feeling, boy?" Marty answered, "O.K., Frank." Then Carideo said, "Here's another 1,000 bucks for you. Think you can make it?" "I can make it all right," was the reply, "but let one of the other fellows get one under his belt." So Schwartz went over the line for the touchdown.

Like every other football official, I suppose, I try not to forget that players coming onto the field, especially the substitutes who get into the game late, are sometimes fever-struck and are apt to say the wrong thing. It was Bill Crowell, I think, who refereed the Yale-Army game in 1932. Dr. Marvin Stevens, the Yale coach, didn't like Crowell's way of calling the decisions. Finally he grabbed a substitute halfback and barked at him. "Go in there. Report to the umpire. Then go over to the referee and tell the blind so-and-so to get wise to himself and call some penalties on the Army." The sub dutifully raced onto the field, reported to the umpire, then ran up to Crowell and said, "Listen, you blind so-and-so, get wise to yourself and call some penalties on the Army." Unable to believe his ears at first, Crowell halted play and penalized Yale 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct. While I have had no experience to match that, I have had nervous players say things I knew they never meant to say.

A fan recently asked me what, in my opinion, is the hardest decision a football referee has to make. I told him the goal-line play in the late moments of a major game between two evenly matched rivals, with the score tied or very close, is probably the most difficult officiating decision in the sport. A decision at that point of a game, one way or another, comes very close to determining the outcome of the contest. With 22 men converging into a small sector on the playing field, it's far from easy for the officials to obtain a clear view of the action.

And please think of this before you ram a handful of stove bolts into the family shotgun and go out to bag yourself a referee: that the football needs only come up to the goal line to register a touchdown. When your alma

mater is holding the foe on the one-yard line and an enemy halfback slams off tackle and almost instantly bounces on the seat of his pants some eight yards behind his starting point, it is still quite possible that he has actually scored a touchdown. If any part of the ball comes up to, or over, any part of that last white line, the carrier has at that instant earned six points. In the next instant he can fumble, run out of the stadium or throw the ball to his best girl sitting up in section 18; the touchdown has been made and nothing can take it away from him.

After officiating in more than 700 football games, I feel that I've seen about all there is to see. But in this job you never know. In football, as in most every other sport, you learn to expect the unexpected.



### U.S.A. I. 2.

Chief among these are *faux pas* made by well-meaning but tactlessly condescending people. I can think of no better example than the nurse I met in Washington just before I left for Rio. She was being sent to Brazil to take charge of a program for training Brazilian nurses. It was a responsible job, and the young lady was obviously highly competent insofar as technical requirements were concerned. But her human-relations IQ was something else. When she learned I was a Brazilian, she confided at once that she didn't mind foreigners at all. "I am one of those broadminded Americans," she chirped happily. "I don't think that we are a superior race and the Brazilians an inferior one." She continued along this diplomatic line for some minutes, and then disclosed some of her preparations for her adventure into a land full of foreigners.

One of her bags, she told me, was full of her old shoes, half-soled and repaired, because she had no idea whether satisfactory shoes would be available in Rio. She did not know, of course, that Brazilian handmade shoes equal the best products of North America and Europe. Another bag held a full cargo of toilet paper, which she was carrying to one of the world's most cosmopolitan cities!

Hernane Tavares de Sa in the *Inter-American* (Aug. '44).

# Heywood Broun

By FRANK SCULLY

20th-century saint

Condensed from a book\*

Well, he is dead, and his good works already have preceded him through the golden gate. When it comes time for him to show his pass, St. Peter will have anticipated all that, and, to the wonder of Broun, who always was a sucker for mysticism and magic, his membership card in the American Newspaper Guild will be countersigned by every writer from St. Luke to G. K. Chesterton. And if I know Broun, he'll be looking for the union bug to see if it's the real McCoy.

Born on Dec. 7, 1888, he died, of a type of pneumonia for which there was no specific vaccine, on Dec. 18, 1939. He was born in Brooklyn, where his father owned a large printing plant. Believed to be German and Jewish, he actually was English and Episcopalian, until he turned to Catholicism shortly before he died.

He attended Harvard in a great class (1910) but never received a degree because he flunked elementary French. From Cambridge he went to work in the sports department of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, a high-priced racing sheet. There, he began the type of sports writing that later made him famous on the *Tribune*, at a time when Grantland Rice, W. O. McGeehan and F. P. A. were its outstanding columnists.

He swerved from sports to drama

and became the top critic of his era. Later, he returned to sports, confessing that he really knew he belonged there when, one night while watching ballet dancers throwing paper balls to each other in *L'Après Midi D'Un Faune*, he discovered he had rated their fielding averages on his cuff.

Swinging from whimsy to whamsy, he frequently was in fights, even fist fights. Police bounced him out of Jersey City and ruffled his feelings, but not much else. He always dressed as if he had just come from a fight. He was a huge, pigeon-toed man-mountain, and wore his clothes as if they had blown against him in a tornado. But if ever there was a writer who fought for the freedom of the *press* as distinguished from the freedom of the *publishers*, that writer was Broun.

It's still true that "you have to write what they tell you," and this is particularly true in towns that boast of their industrial freedom. But Broun was one reporter who proved that if you were good enough, you could write the truth as you saw it and still make a good living. At the time of his death, however, the wolves were fast closing in on him. It's an interesting question as to whether the iron ring of publishers, fast moving toward a monopoly opinion, or Broun, building his reporter defenses, would have won in the end.

\*Rogues' Gallery. 1943. Murray & Gee, Inc., Hollywood, Calif. 276 pp. \$2.75.

As it was, he was down to his last publisher in New York. His last-but-one would be more accurate, though he never would have taken that last one, because that one was Hearst.

He was the best reporter in town when he was the star reporter of the New York *Tribune*; he quit there when they yanked something he had to say about President Harding at the Harding inaugural. What people subsequently had to say about the Harding regime didn't help Broun, because by then it was too late to help Broun.

He later was the white-headed boy of the New York *World*, and quit because Ralph Pulitzer thought Broun had too much to say on the Sacco-Vanzetti executions and yanked one of Broun's columns. At the time, the *World* had the finest page-opposite in America, with writers like William Bolitho, F. P. A., Deems Taylor, Laurence Stallings, and Broun. But the paper lost Broun, and the paper died.

His next job, on the Scripps-Howard papers, lasted longer than most of the others; but that, too, came to an end when Roy Howard saw that off-hour whimsies of Broun, as organizer of newspapermen, was costing publishers money. Of course, it was costing only profits, which the reporters had made for the paper in the first place. But even the mention of such a word wasn't cricket. Reporters were supposed to be romantic, and starve, while publishers ran up fortunes of \$20 million and gave it, when they died, like Munsey, to art galleries they never visited in life.

So Broun and the liberal Scripps-Howard papers came to the parting of ways, and he moved over to the New York *Evening Post*.

Here was a paper with liberal traditions running back for generations, but it was having a tough time against the monopoly drive which is becoming as inevitable in journalism as it is in the telephone industry. How long Broun would have lasted there can't be said. All we can say is that the relationship lasted (one issue) until his death.

When Broun visited Los Angeles, I trucked him around (and "trucked" is the word), taking him to a breakfast at the Ambassador, where 500 women were gathered; he stole that show.

I took him to a press conference of the then-Governor Olson, and he walked off with that one, too.

The "unmade bed," as he described himself, lumbered around like a holy mountains in search of a cause to sanctify.

Alexander MacKay, an old I.W.W. organizer, buttonholed Broun, and in the intimacy of a cocktail bar, tried to drag from Broun the reason an old, sentimental socialist had ever embraced Catholicism.

"Sh-h-h," said Broun. "Boring from within."

To an old Wobbly, that must have seemed like a plausible explanation, and it saved Broun the trouble of going into details which would have confused an amiable agnostic even more than ever.

Connie Madison, his wife, who was a dancer and singer of Spanish descent,



was with him on his trip to California. She and Msgr. Fulton Sheen shared the credit for his conversion from free-thinking to Catholicism.

Before 1934 he had written *The Boy Grew Older*, *Seeing Things at Night*, *Pieces of Hate*, *The Sun Field*, *Gandle Follows His Nose*, *Sitting On the World* and (with Margaret Leech) *Anthony Comstock*; *Roundsman Of The Lord*. He also did a weekly column for the *Nation* and produced and acted in a musical comedy he wrote, called *Shoot The Works*.

He lectured on the drama at Columbia, and even took up painting in his middle age, staging several one-man shows, though he never had an art lesson in his life. Between times, he used to run for Congress.

But he never put his heart into anything the way he did into organizing newspapermen. He was their Guild president from its beginning to his death.

He knew both sides of the fence, too. He was a publisher as well as a writer, owning the *Connecticut Nutmeg*. It had a closed-shop contract.

"You're particularly vulnerable," his son once told him, "and yours should be the model contract. Are you sure nothing has been left out of this contract?"

"Well," said Broun, "let's add a clause that if anything is left out that should be in, it's automatically included!"

I first met Broun when I was a young sports writer on the *New York Sun*. At the time, he was on the *Trib-*

*une*, and was the best in the business.

Through the years, a little money matter stood between us, but that was so small I don't think it's worth doing anything about now, beyond possibly having a Mass said for the repose of his beautiful soul. It happened when several newspapermen were shooting crap in the old Press club around the corner from where the *World*, the *Sun* and the *Tribune* used to be, on Park Row, and Eddie Carter brought me around for a drink, though I wasn't a club member, and didn't drink.

But I was crap-shooter, and I got in the game somehow. I was \$1.75 in the black, when somebody whispered to Carter. Carter whispered to me. He wanted to know if I were a member. I told him I wasn't. So he whispered to me that it was against the rules for nonmembers to gamble. I thought that was a nice nuance, so I picked up my profit and went back to the bar.

The profit was wholly at the expense of Broun, and I always thought it was pretty white of him to let me walk away without shooting me in the back. It may have been the Harvard training in him, or possibly the deeper conviction of seasoned gamblers that it all evens up at the end of the year.

Many people have compared Broun to Chesterton; compared their style of writing, their humor, their social consciousness, their conversion late in life to Catholicism, and their early deaths thereafter. This is true; they had much in common.

But Broun's blood brother was a French writer whom I doubt ever had

heard of Broun, or vice versa. His name was George de la Fouchardière. He did everything that Broun did, except contract pneumonia; he got T.B.

The main point is that all these were great men, and Broun was the greatest of them all; he yanked a whole profession practically out of a drunkard's gutter into the front rank of organized

labor, a 20th-century saint if ever there was one. He was a lot like Lincoln. Lincoln freed the slaves; Broun freed the galley slaves. But I shall always look on him not as a walking delegate of union labor, shuffling in his gigantic pigeon-toed way in and out of other people's troubles, but as a holy pilgrim of progress.



## End of a Myth

By LOUIS ROUGIER

Does cruelty shorten war?

Excerpts from *Pour La Victoire\**

**Most classic** of German works on war-making is that of Karl von Clausewitz, who conducted the Prussian wars from 1806 to 1815 and committed his observations to his book, *Von Kriege*, which appeared posthumously in 1832. It has been the manual of the German generals ever since.

Prussian officers being trained in the school of Clausewitz and of Julius von Hartmann, are required to read the *Principles of the Practical Reason* of Emmanuel Kant in order to acquire some sense of "morality." They learn to identify a superior's order with the "imperative category" of duty, so that they obey simply because it is a matter of duty. It is necessary on the eve of a massacre, when they are about to execute innocent hostages, kill defenseless

women and children, throw incendiary grenades into homes, and dynamite edifices built by the piety of the ages, that they be able afterwards to sing around the bivouac fires the choral of Luther, "*Nun danket alle Gott.*" It is necessary, in order to give them light hearts and joyful consciences, to be able to show that the "absolute war" of Clausewitz is in accord with the demands of "morality" in spite of the apparent conflict; that the antithesis between war and humanity can be finally surmounted by the concept of "war made shorter by the employment of cruelty."

Their Hegelian dialectic reconciles contradictories thus: "An apparent hardness and rigor are transformed into their opposites as soon as they

\*Translated and condensed from the French, as reprinted in *Aujourd'hui*, 1961 Est, Rue Rachel, Montreal, Que., Canada. July, 1944.

bring about a demand from the enemy for peace. Compromises and mercy are cruelties when granted in forgetfulness of the purpose of war and when they retard the conclusion of peace."

General von Blume in his treatise *Strategy* (1888) professes the same doctrine. "Hardness and rigor are changed into their opposites when they can lead the enemy to demand peace." The same thing appears as the official teaching of the German general staff in a manual (1902), *Kriegsbrauch Landkriege*: "Just as the moral tendencies of the 19th century have been inspired essentially by humanitarian considerations which have often degenerated into sentimentality, so attempts have been made to change the customs of war in a way absolutely opposed to its purposes." Such, presumably, were the convention of Geneva and the conferences of Brussels and of La Haye. It is in studying the history of war that the "officer will defend himself against exaggerated humanitarian ideas and will remember that war carries with it a certain rigor; moreover, the only true humanitarianism resides in the employment of severity."

These severities, dictated by "true humanity" and first used in the war of 1870-71, were present on a much vaster scale in the first World War. The *Berliner Tageblatt* of Nov. 20, 1914, set forth an interview with General Hindenburg, then in command of the main German Army in Poland, by Paul Goldmann of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna: "The country is suffering.

Lodz is famished. This is deplorable, but it is good that this is so. One does not make war with sentimentality. The more the conduct of war is pitiless, the more humane it is in reality, because it will be over more quickly. The methods of war which lead most promptly to peace are the methods which are the most humane."

Hitler (writing before the present war) intended to apply those same "humane" methods: "I will stop at nothing. There is no international law, there is no treaty, which will prevent me from taking advantage of every opportunity which presents itself. The coming war will be bloody and cruel. But war of the cruelest type, which makes no distinction between soldiers and civilians, will be the most merciful, because it will be the shortest."

Such is the doctrine. Is it verified or substantiated by the facts?

The "absolute" war of the Revolution and the Empire were inhumane compared to those waged by the old regime. It scandalized the Austrian generals, who wrote: "It is not possible to disregard, as does Bonaparte, the most rudimentary principles of the art of war." Those wars were not shortened in proportion to the cruelty exercised in them. Their result was a war between France and Europe which lasted 23 years, cost France 1,200,000 lives and cast the Eagle of Austerlitz on the rock of St. Helena.

The Franco-German war of 1870 was cruel: hostages were shot, Mezieres was bombarded, Bazielles was burned, Mans was pillaged, and the re-

sistance of Chanzy was punished as a crime. The consequences were denounced by Von Moltke in his letter to Julius von Hartmann, without his realizing that his own letter afforded the best possible refutation of the "cruel-but-short" theory of war.

The burning of Bazeilles was nothing compared to the burning of Louvain, the bombardment of Mezieres nothing compared to the bombardment of Rheims and its cathedral, the pillage of Mans was nothing compared to the pillage of Belgium and northern France during the first World War. But what were the results? When the open and devouring "ulcer of Verdun" and the co-ordinated offensives of the Somme, Isonzo, Galacia, Transylvania, and Macedonia had exacted a tragic repayment with usury from the German forces, the Wilhelmstrasse asked for peace overtures Dec. 2, 1916. Briand, speaking for all the Allies, answered on Dec. 31, "The destruction caused by the German declaration of war and the unforgettable assaults committed by Germany on belligerents and neutrals alike, demand sanctions, reparations and guaranties: Germany seeks to avoid all three," and the war went on its way, engulfing in its Dantesque cycle the U. S. and the whole American hemisphere. The war which

was to be "short and humane" lasted 52 months, covered Europe with 15 million dead, brought casualties to 55 million, and destroyed wealth Europe would not regain in centuries.

The burning of Louvain, the bombardment of Rheims, the pillaging of Belgium and northern France were nothing compared to the destruction of Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry; the systematic massacres of Jews, Poles, and Russians; and the pillaging of all of Europe. In spite of its immeasurably greater cruelty, the second World War was shortened not a whit. Martyred villages became catacombs for the guerillas of the underground. Stupified human minds awoke and found the means to fight back. The Germans had to say, "Our blitz would have finished the war in the west in six months if the inhuman governments of England and the U. S. had not prolonged it." Germany with her cities blown up, her ports destroyed, her monuments smashed, will see one day that a cruel war does not necessarily lead to a quick peace. Her historians should have been able to tell her. The wars of the Oriental empires, the wars of the Medes, the Punic wars, the Peloponnesian wars, the Hundred Years' War and the Thirty Years' War were cruel; but they were also inexorable duels to the death.



If you ask a New Guinea native what a piano is, he will say: "Him one big fella box. Him savvy plenty teeth. Suppose Patere fight him plenty, him sing out."

If he is asked to describe a saw: "Pull him, he come; push him, he go; him savvy plenty teeth. Bimeby he kaikai all di-wei" (he eats all the wood).

The Techny, Ill., *Seminary Bulletin* (15 Aug. '44).

# Incense

By ANDREW W. CASE

Twice blessed

Condensed from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*\*

There is probably no practice of the Catholic Church upon which the evangelical Protestant looks with such suspicion as the use of incense. He may be impressed by the magnificence of the liturgy and moved to a feeling of worship by the splendor of a solemn Mass, although he finds it quite incomprehensible; he may accept the twinkling candles, formerly so anathematized by the reformers; but the cloud of incense smoke ascending before the altar confounds him. He thinks that it links us finally and unequivocally with the mysterious, heathen Orient.

Many of the faithful may sometimes be vague in their understanding of its significance. Unless one has served at the altar, it is quite likely that he has never even seen the product which is burned in the censer to give off the aromatic smoke and mystic fragrance. But most of us are aware that incense is a sacramental and a beautiful adjunct of the liturgy that has been lovingly handed down to us from the faithful who lived 16 centuries ago.

Incense has been used in nearly every religious worship and by almost all the races of the world. Its use became widespread among the Babylonians, where it was known as *kutrinnu*. Herodotus tells us that 1000 talents of it were offered on the great altar of Baal at his feast. While its use was popular

in Canaan it was the most commonly denounced form of idolatry in Israel. Incense was offered on brick altars and on the housetops to Baal, the sun, moon, and stars. Lucian describes the sweet odors and the incense smoking without ceasing in the temples of the Syrian goddess.

Olibanum or frankincense, the principal substance used in the preparation of incense, is a gum resin known to chemists as Boswellia resin. The name olibanum is apparently of common origin with that of gum benjamin, being derived from the Hebrew word *lebbonah*, meaning milk, through the Arab *luban*, meaning incense, according to Parry's *Cyclopedia of Perfumery*. Its several sources of supply are in colorful corners of the world: southern Arabia, the Punjab of India, and Somaliland from Zeyla to Cape Gardafui, known to the Romans as *Promontarius Aromatum*.

One of the Somali varieties of frankincense, *luban maidi*, is the milk of a tree which grows high up in the precipitous mountains on bare limestone, attaching itself by a mass of vegetable substance, part of the tree, and sending its roots into crevices of the rock to a tremendous depth. A few trees may be found nearer the sea. Pinnate leaves and panicles of small greenish flowers grow on the branches; the bark is

\*The Catholic University of America, Box 20A, Washington, 17, D. C., June, 1944.



rough and the epidermis smooth and of a reddish tinge. The whole plant contains the fragrant resin which exudes even from the flowers, when wounded.

A large quantity of olibanum is collected in the southern districts of Arabia, the famous thuriferous region which was the object of such diligent search in ancient times. This variety commands a higher price in the market than any of those exported from Africa.

In Arabia the gum is procured in May and December. Longitudinal incisions are made in the bark of the trees when the cuticle glistens from the swollen state of the underlying part. When it first comes out the gum resembles milk and either flows to the ground to harden, or hardens on the branch near the place from which it issued, depending on its fluidity.

In Somaliland, about the end of February or the beginning of March, during the hot season, Bedouins visit the trees and make deep incisions. Then a narrow strip of bark is peeled off for about five inches below the wound. This is left for a month and then a fresh incision is made in the same place, only deeper. A third month passes and the operation is again repeated.

The hardened tears vary in color, according to variety, from very small drops to an agglomeration of tears the size of a hen's egg or even stalactitic pieces, six or more inches long and three or four broad, formed by the trickling juice.

Benzoin or gum benjamin, another of the substances used in small proportions in Church incense, is also the resinous product of a tree which does not produce the secretion normally but must be wounded in the bark. This results in the formation of oleoresin ducts in which the secretion is produced. Actually it is a pathological secretion. As in the case of frankincense, the material is collected, when sufficiently dry, in the form of tears.

Storax is still another pathological secretion. It is a fluid oleoresin, induced by wounding the *Liquidambar orientalis*, a tree which grows in the southwestern part of Asiatic Turkey. An American species, found in Honduras, is preferable to the Asiatic product, both in perfumery and in medicine.

Of the substances used in the composition of incense, olibanum is by far the most important. Its odor, although softened and enhanced by the others, is the most noticeable, and its personal aromatic fume rises at last above the blend.

As God commanded Moses to place incense "before the tabernacle of the testimony," so, as a sacramental, the Church prescribes its use in her ceremonies, although its use was unknown during the first four centuries. Protestants, excepting the high-church Anglicans who use it, declare that, since the old laws were abrogated by Christ and that since the use of incense was not a primitive Christian practice, its use in Christian worship is invalidated. Then too they frequently con-

tend that the Church in using incense has copied a pagan practice.

At first glance it does seem strange that the early Christians did not burn incense, particularly in light of the prophecy in Malachias, which seems to point to its continued use in the new dispensation. "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation: for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts." Furthermore, it might seem strange, this neglect of the use of incense among the early Christians, when one recalls that it was one of the three offerings of the Magi at the birth of our Lord.

The fact that it was a Jewish usage may have tended to cause Christians to neglect it for so long, but what was probably a more powerful deterrent was its use among pagans and the common practice during the persecutions, particularly of the first century, of insisting that Christians should offer a few grains of incense on the altar of the emperor as a mark of their renunciation of their faith. When apostates yielded in this way they were called *thurificati*. Thus incense was anathema to the early Christians because of its association with paganism as well as Judaism, and was not adopted into the Church's liturgy until paganism was dying out in Rome. In the light of the foregoing it is illogical to contend that the Church has copied a pagan practice.

It is not definitely known when this

sacramental was introduced into the services of the Church. Its common employment in the Jewish temple and the New Testament references would suggest an early familiarity with it. St. Luke wrote: "And all the multitude of the people was praying without, at the hour of incense. And there appeared to him an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense." In: Apocalypse 8:4 we read: "And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel."

In the Roman rite incense is burned at solemn high Mass, solemn blessings, functions, choral offices, processions, and absolutions for the dead. There are two instances when it is used but not burned, the five grains put into the Pascal candle and the grains put into the sepulcher of consecrated altars.

At Mass it is blessed before it is burned. Before the Introit the priest blesses it, saying: "Mayest thou be blessed by Him in whose honor thou art to be burned. Amen." Between the Offering of the Chalice and the Lavabo the priest again blesses the incense, saying: "By the intercession of blessed Michael the Archangel, who standeth at the right hand of the altar of incense, and of all His elect, may the Lord vouchsafe to bless this incense, and to receive it for an odor of sweetness. Through Christ our Lord. Amen." The sweet odor of the burning confection rising heavenward is a natural symbol of prayer ascending to God. "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight, the lifting up of my

hands as an evening sacrifice," sings David. Indeed these words form a portion of the prayer said by the priest as he incenses the altar.

Throughout the years, in the sacramental work for the saving of souls, the Church has employed not only the arts of man but also many elements of inanimate creation. There is scarcely anything in nature which she has not brought into her service that it may speak for itself of the sacred Mystery: colorful flowers, the wax of the bee, the yellow grain, precious metals and rare stones, the fruit of the vine, spotless linen, salt, water, and incense. Frankincense, "pure and holy," which the Lord commanded Moses to put "before the tabernacle of the testimony," the same delectable substance which the Magi offered as one of their treasures to the newborn King on that first Christmas; frankincense, one of the first gifts to our Lord Jesus and, from the hands of Nicodemus, the last one. Twice was it offered to the incarnate Son of God, and twice is it offered in the Mass which He instituted.

From the "tabernacle of the testimony" down through the long centuries, to the most magnificent as well as the humblest of altars of the New Dispensation, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down, in every place," incense is offered in His name, burns the sweet confection "compounded by the work of the perfumer, pure and most worthy of sanctification."

In all the years man has discovered no finer odor for our Lord than that which emanates from the substance of the incense tree. "Mayest thou be blessed by Him in whose honor thou art to be burned," says the priest. The tears of a wounded tree are twice blessed in the Mass. Twice blessed, therefore, is the creature of nature which, being wounded, gives up its fragrant tears in honor of Him who wept over Jerusalem; in honor of Him who was wounded and shed His precious blood for the whole world; in honor of Him whose unbounded love extends to all nature. All nature in turn serves Him, but the tears of olibanum are twice blessed.



### *The Poor Civilians*

At Miami Beach, several citizens complained to the commanding officer, Col. Ralph M. Parker, of being disturbed by the men's singing. Colonel Parker was forthright: "Please arise at the first sound of military activity each morning and get down on your knees with all members of your household who are disturbed thereby, and offer thanks to God almighty, with me and the rest of us, that those are Americans singing American songs and not Germans and Japs singing victory songs in American streets."

Ken Davis in *Read* (July '44).

# The Inter-American Institute

By ORLIS F. NORTH, C.M.

Timbers for the bridge

Condensed from the *Vincentian*\*

**The Bishop** had ideas and he desired an organization which would do something about them. The priest cherished ideas on the same subject and he was well qualified to direct such an organization. The thoughts of both concerned the relations between the two Americas. The two ecclesiastics met, and from their acquaintance came the organization known as the Inter-American Institute, with headquarters in Kansas City, Mo.

The Bishop was the Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City; the priest was the Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Code. It was on March 3, 1943, that Bishop O'Hara founded the Inter-American Institute, with Father Code as its director. Already the institute has accomplished what both founder and director thought would require three or four years.

Everyone who regards seriously the crisis of our times knows that the relations between North and South America constitute no small phase of that crisis. Fortunately, many of the twisted theories propounded will not ever be tried, but on the other hand, and unfortunately, some are already being applied, to the detriment of national as well as religious relations.

That a better understanding between North America and her neighbors to the south is the beginning of the prob-

lem's solution is commonly admitted. But on what basis is this understanding to arise? The only sound basis is the Christian tradition of all those countries. Hence, the ideal inspiring the institute: a better understanding between the peoples of the Western Hemisphere based upon the Christian traditions of those peoples.

Spanish domination in South America established a Christian culture decades before the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock; the culture even filtered into North America and launched its Christian effects in our own South and Southwest. Today that culture still prevails in South America even though the fact of its continued existence is one of the paradoxes of our time. The faith, as Latin Americans themselves aver, is the only bond of true union which integrates the peoples throughout some 20 sister republics. North America participates in that same Christian tradition brought from other parts of Europe.

North Americans engaged in professional, commercial and political pursuits in South America have frequently met antipathy. Wary South Americans did not easily forget how often they had been duped by Yankee imperialism under the guise of friendliness. While the war and the revisions in the good-neighbor policy are slowly altering this

\*1405 S. 9th St., St. Louis, 4, Mo. August, 1944.

## THE INTER-AMERICAN INSTITUTE

condition, it is still the Catholic, and especially the priest and nun, who can work among South Americans without fear of mistrust.

It may be true that in the past the Catholic Church in North America, deeply engrossed in her own problems, has not taken the interest she might have in the Church in South America. However, today a vital interest has sprung up and is being fostered by the hierarchy of both Americas. The Inter-American Institute is laboring daily to increase that interest throughout both Americas.

The dissemination of accurate information about the peoples, their characters, and their customs must naturally precede an improved mutual understanding. North Americans must know their neighbors to the south, and South Americans must know the U. S. In the past, ignorance, prejudice, and hatred have written books, proselytized, engaged in commercial and political dealings which resulted in mutual misunderstanding and distrust.

The Inter-American Institute proposes such objectives as the following:

1. Weekly radio broadcasts in English over a national network which will recount to the U. S. and Canada the history of the various Latin-American countries.

2. Weekly broadcasts in Spanish and Portuguese in South America which will present to South Americans authentic information about us.

3. Establishment of centers of information concerning Latin America.

4. Publication of a monthly bulletin.

5. Publication in English, and Portuguese of books and reviews which will engender a better mutual understanding between the Americas.

6. Encouragement of cultural activities by furnishing lecturers for the institute's centers.

7. Cooperation with other agencies, governmental or otherwise, which promote the good-neighbor policy.

8. Prayer that a genuine good-neighbor policy may prevail.

These are important aims in the program of the Inter-American Institute. Some of them have already materialized, for instance, the *Bulletin of the Inter-American Institute*, issues of which have appeared in Brazil, Colombia, and Uruguay. The ways and means to carry out all these aims are daily being worked out by Father Code, and their execution is in the hands of the many clerics and laymen working in close cooperation under his direction.

Other aims of the institute are directed towards ameliorating some of the conditions in South America which cry for a remedy. There is, for example, the problem of the scarcity of religious vocations in South America, one of the most pressing for the South American hierarchy. Lacking that middle class which has always been the mainstay of vocations in North America, South America has been dependent upon Spain for most of her priests. Her seminaries are few, and for the most part without funds as well as professors. South American bishops would like help from us in the efficient reorgani-



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zation of their seminaries; and even hope that some seminarians may be completely educated in North America, or at least that others trained and ordained in South America might carry on postgraduate work in North American universities.

This latter group falls under other objectives of the institute, which aims to secure scholarships for Latin Americans in U.S. and Canadian colleges and universities. There are only a few such scholarships, notably at Notre Dame, open to South American students. The institute also contemplates an organization among Latin-Americans studying in the U.S. and Canada.

To make this setup mutual, the institute seeks to obtain scholarships for North American colleges and universities. It intends to acquaint young North Americans with Latin-American commercial firms when they are desirous of establishing themselves in South America. It is even hoped that special training and education can be given to these young men and women.

The field of social service is another to which the institute extends its energies. The Church in Latin America has made far less progress in social service than the Church in North America, and consequently looks to us to teach her much in this regard. Women are particularly needed to teach in the universities and to lead in the practical application of the theory in the Church's extensive charitable undertakings. The institute not only has an eye to these needs, but is actual-

ly going about the obtaining of the necessary personnel.

One of the most forceful ways of promoting good feeling between the Americas is the establishment of Catholic seminars of priests and laymen. These would meet in the various Spanish-American cities each summer, for discussion and study of mutual problems. *The Sign* sent such a seminar to Havana last year. This year the institute had such seminars at the University of Havana and the National University of Mexico, with the intention of systematically promoting inter-American friendship on the university level.

So many aims directed into so many fields would seem at first glance to demand an enormous staff for the Inter-American Institute in Kansas City, as well as a network of offices and personnel to cover the Americas. But the reverse is true. The director, from his study in Kansas City, with the aid of a secretary and the part-time help of a few priests and laymen, carries on the immediate work.

Father Code does not believe in creating new organizations and multiplying committees when existing ones, devoted to other causes, can be used. Hence, working persuasively, he has induced men in the Americas occupying important ecclesiastical, educational, and commercial positions to devote some or all of their energies, as well as the resources of the various institutions with which they are connected, to the improvement of relations between the Americas.

# Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Berdyaev, Nicolas. *SLAVERY AND FREEDOM*. New York: Scribner. 271 pp. \$2.75. Famous Russian Orthodox philosopher reviews the course his own ideas have taken and the writings of men who have influenced that course to bring him to his Personalist outlook.

Bourke, Vernon J., compiler. *THOMISTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY: 1920-1940*. St. Louis: Modern Schoolman. 288 pp. \$2.50. Four thousand books and articles about St. Thomas Aquinas published between 1920 and 1940 listed and conveniently indexed. Supplements the earlier list of Mandonnet-Destrez.

Griffin, Harold. *ALASKA AND THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST; Our New Frontier*. New York: Norton. 221 pp. \$2.75. The land of the Alaska highway; changes and opportunities in a newly opened backwoods empire.

Holzner, Joseph. *PAUL OF TARSUS*. St. Louis: Herder. 502 pp. \$. Full-length biography of St. Paul; his travels and his Epistles in a setting of the ancient Mediterranean world in the planting-time of Christianity.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila, and Stern, G. B. *SPEAKING OF JANE AUSTEN*. N. Y.; Harper. 286 pp. \$2.75. Critical and affectionate essays on Jane Austen and the people, places and customs that fill her books. By two modern British women novelists.

McAuliffe, Harold J., S.J. *FATHER TIM*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 162 pp. \$2.25. Life of Father Tim Dempsey, who became a social institution in the St. Louis slums with his homes for workingmen and women, free lunchroom, nursery, home for the colored, and peacemaking in gang and industrial troubles.

Murrett, John C., M.M. *TAR HEEL APOSTLE*. New York: Longmans, Green. 260 pp. \$2.50. The life of Father Price, co-founder of Maryknoll, who began with the pagans of North Carolina, ended with those of China.

Orchard, W. E. *HUMANITY: WHAT? WHENCE? WHITHER?* Milwaukee: Bruce. 184 pp. \$. Survey of theories that have attempted to explain the nature, source, and destiny of man. The picture that unaided reason can sketch for itself, and the details revelation can add.

*RACE: NATION: PERSON; Social Aspects of the Race Problem; a Symposium; preface by Bishop Joseph W. Corrigan*. New York: Barnes & Noble. 436 pp. \$3.75. Ten monographs on the ethical, political and philosophical hazards in Nazi racism and state totalitarianism.

Robert, Brother Cyril, compiler. *OUR LADY'S PRAISE, in Poetry. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Marist Brothers*, 275 pp. \$2.25. Anthology of more than 300 poems on our blessed Lady, mainly from Catholic periodicals.

Sanceau, Elaine. *THE LAND OF PRESTER JOHN; a Chronicle of Portuguese Exploration*. New York: Knopf. 243 pp. \$2.75. Sixteenth-century seafarers discover Christian Abyssinia and its emperor, the fabulous Prester John.

Scully, Frank. *ROGUES' GALLERY; Hollywood: Murray & Gee*. 276 pp. \$2.75. Profiles of 17 contemporaries, some good, some bad, but all interesting; superbly written, but for mature readers.